2nd WINTER SPORTS NO. PLUS USUAL FEATURES

The BYSTANDER

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T. FISHER UNWIN.

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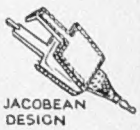
fireside comforts

FOR THE COLD WINTER NIGHTS

JACOBEAN FIRE-SCREEN



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The BYSTANDER

WINTER SPORTS NO.

I.B.

AMONG THE SWISS SNOWS

Sir Stewart Stewart-Clark and Miss Jane Clarke, whose engagement was announced recently. The photograph was taken near the Cresta Palace Hotel during an expedition at Celerina

Sunshine and Smiles at Mürren and St. Moritz

Farringdon Photo Co.

AT ST. MORITZ

Mrs. Walker and Miss Betty Sadler photographed "taking a breather" halfway up a slope at St. Moritz

Central Press

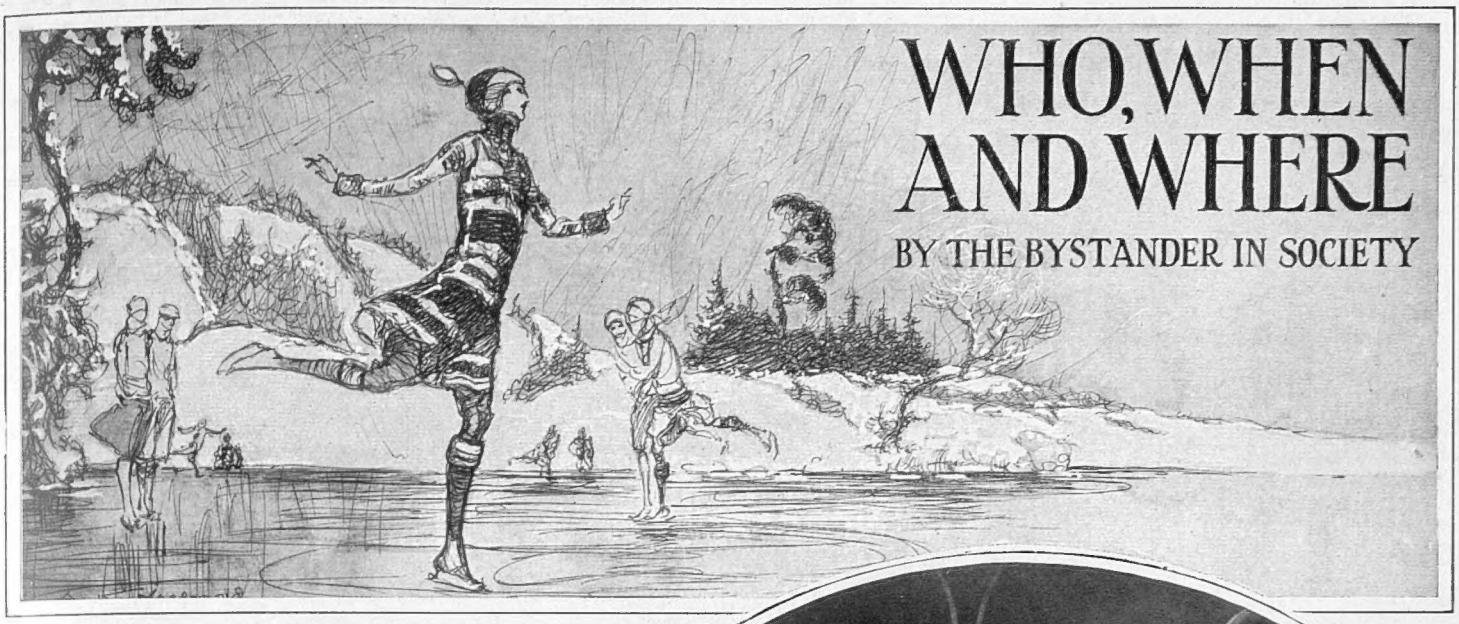
A MÜRREN MORNING

Miss Jessie Turnbull photographed on a ski-ing expedition at Mürren, where the Season is in full swing

Farringdon Photo Co.

WHERE WINTER COMES TO RULE"

Lady Watson and her daughter photographed in a really wintry setting at St. Moritz. Lady Watson is the wife of Sir Geoffrey Watson, of Monmouthshire



WHO, WHEN AND WHERE

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

Parliament, Pheasants and Partridges

THE King and Queen will remain at Sandringham until they come to London for the opening of Parliament in the first week of February. And, my good people, do you know why the new session of Parliament always opens in the first week in February? Because partridge and pheasant shooting end on the first day of that "fill-dyke" month. Rabid Red and Society Socialists can't profitably fall on the Government for this arrangement—but you can quite understand they would like to—because the custom dates from I don't know how many years.

And if the close season for partridges and pheasants began on March 1 instead of on February 1, each new session of Parliament would open in the first week of March.

Fixed Dates

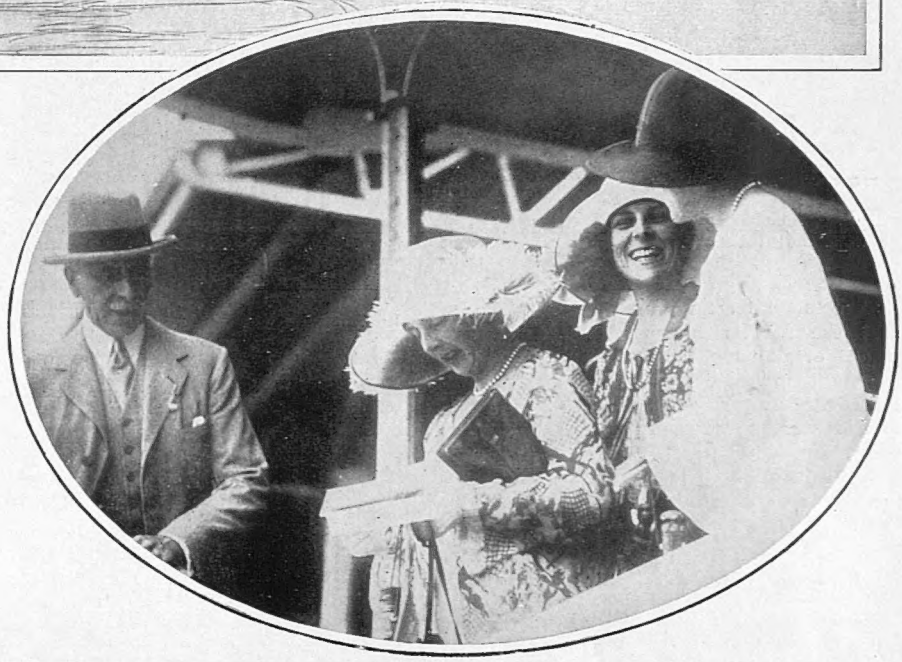
You and I would be very clever if we could explain it. We couldn't. It would be like trying to explain the British Constitution or why the Derby is run in the early days of June; why Ascot comes in the middle of the London Season, and Goodwood at the end; why Cowes always comes the week after Goodwood; and why heaps of other things always happen year after year on the same dates.

They all happen just because they always have happened. How and why the dates were fixed in the beginning for all the big events of the year nobody knows, but they are fixed points in the social horizon. And the odd thing is that the most revolutionary rich young man, who drives a battered Ford when wooing a constituency in the Socialist interest and is driven by a smartly-liveried chauffeur in an Hispano-Suiza in London; and the most revolutionary young woman, who makes endless speeches on the criminality of capitalism whilst spending at least £2,000 a year of the interest on her father's savings on her clothes, accept all these dates quite meekly. All the same, I should never be surprised if some Socialist woman M.P. one day suggested that the Ascot meeting should be held on Whit Monday in order that "our working sisters may take advantage of excursion trains to see the new fashions."

P. and A.

A ROME CEREMONY

Prince Potenziani, the new Governor of Rome, leaving Quirinal with his secretary after being received by the King of Italy. The Prince succeeded Senator Cremonisi in the Governorship



Sport and General

A RACING DAY IN SOUTH AFRICA

The Governor-General, the Earl of Athlone, Princess Alice Countess of Athlone, and Lady May Cambridge photographed at the summer meeting of the Johannesburg Turf Club. The photograph shows them in the grand stand

Motors and Hunting

I SEE the question of motor cars following hunts has come up again through the decision of the Old Surrey and Burstow to give up advertising

A TRIO IN THE HUNTING FIELD *Alfieri*

The Earl and Countess of Cardigan and Lady Ursula Brudenell-Bruce out with the Tedworth Woodland Foxhounds. The meet took place at Durley House, the residence of Sir Robert Alderson Wright

its meets. So many cars follow this hunt that the Master hopes if the dates and places of the meets are not made public the number will be lessened. There is no doubt that motor cars spoil hunting, but as the Master of the Blankney, Colonel the Hon. Francis Willey, says, the harm is very often done in ignorance; people rush ahead in cars to a point for which they think the hunt is making, and, getting there first, either head off the fox or destroy all scent for hounds by the fumes of oil and petrol.

Two years ago the question of motors following the Blankney became so acute that a Field Master of Motor Cars was appointed. The result has been that although just as many cars follow the hunt there is never any interference from them. The plan is quite simple. The Field Master, an old hunting man, who knows the country thoroughly, follows the hunt in his own car, leading the others, whose occupants out of courtesy and consideration to the hunt are expected to obey his directions. This they invariably do.

I don't suppose it would be possible to stop people following hunts in motors, but most Masters devoutly wish it were. Many a splendid run comes to a sudden check where a fox has crossed a road because of the fumes from the exhaust and petrol of following motor cars.

Titles That May Become Extinct

To the existing pages in *Debrett* of extinct peerages, the Editor tells us in his preface to this year's issue, ninety more will be added on the demise of their present holders. Likewise two hundred baronetcies will come to an end. The majority of these peerages and baronetcies will become extinct through the toll of the War on heirs apparent and heirs presumptive.

Debrett has grown to a prodigious size in the last few years, but what it would be if titles did not become extinct I cannot imagine. For instance, George III, during his sixty years' reign, created four hundred peerages, but fifty years ago only a hundred remained. In the forty years between 1835 and 1875 two hundred and seventy peerages were conferred, but in the latter year eighty-four had lapsed. It is interesting, too, to learn from this preface that at the present time there exist only fourteen peerages created by the Plantagenets, eleven created by the Tudors, and forty-six created by the Stuarts.

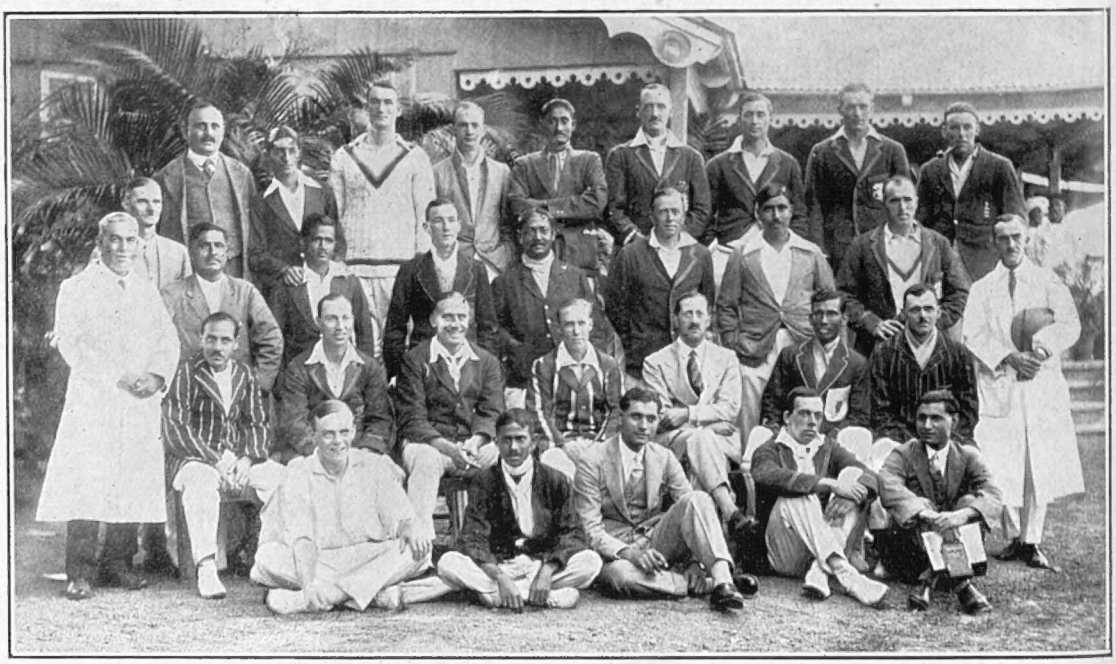
The "Luck of Eden Hall"

THREE lines tucked away in the announcements of property sales in a morning newspaper tell one that Eden Hall, in Cumberland, the ancient home of the Musgraves, has been sold privately. One wonders, will the "Luck of Eden Hall," the old glass goblet which has been in the house for centuries, and with which tradition has it that the fortunes of the Musgraves are indissolubly bound, go with the house or will Sir Richard Musgrave take it away?

Sport and General

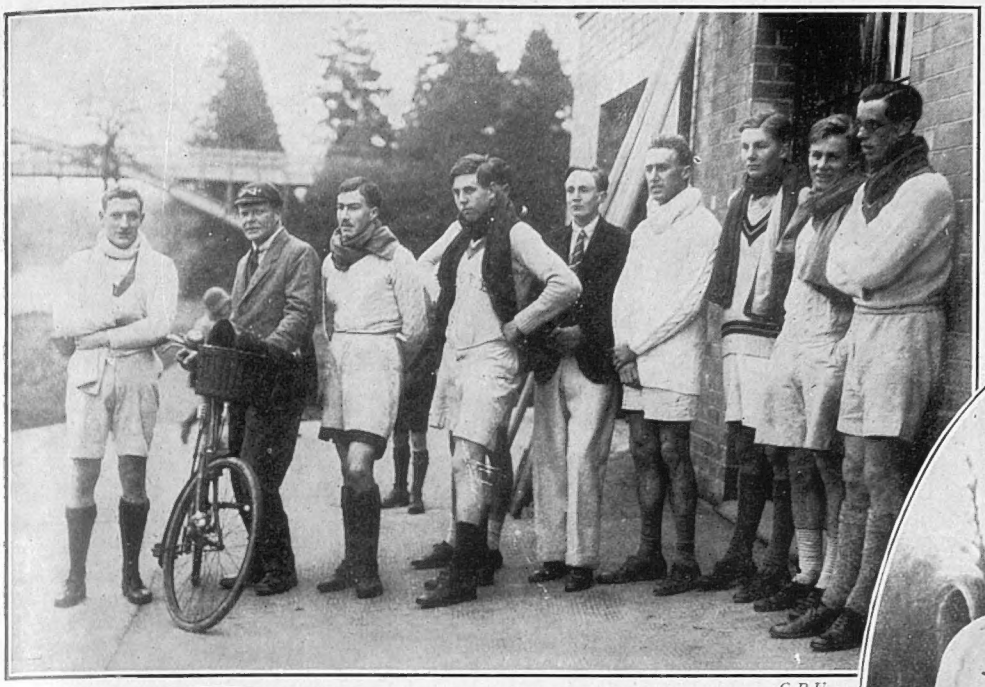
SITTING OUT WITH THE PHOTOGRAPHER

Pictorial evidence of the camera's activities at the Dumfriesshire Hunt Ball at Lockerbie Town Hall. The group comprises, back row: Mr. J. Mead (left), Mrs. Owen, and Colonel Irwin. Front row: Miss A. Critchley (left), Captain Blair Oliphant, Mrs. Irwin, Mr. Owen, and Miss M. Steel



CRICKET IN INDIA *P. Rose*

The visiting M.C.C. team with the combined teams of the Anglo-Indians and Indians of Bengal. The photograph was taken in the Eden Gardens, Calcutta



G.P.U.

AN EIGHT ON THE SEVERN

The Oxford Eight at Shrewsbury, where they started their training for the Boat Race. They were under the care of the Old Blue, Mr. A. E. Kitchin, who has done so much to advance the standard of rowing at Shrewsbury School

Our Minister to China

OUR new Minister to China, Sir Miles Lampson, who has been faced with such grave difficulties in Canton and elsewhere immediately upon taking up the appointment, stands second in succession to the Lampson baronetcy, his elder brother, Mr. Curtis Lampson, the heir, only having daughters. This is Sir Miles's second term of office in Pekin, as he was there as First Secretary during the War. He has been Second Secretary at Tokio and Sofia. Six years ago he was acting British High Commissioner in Siberia, a thankless task.

The Late Earl of Ypres

A PROPOSAL, which I am sure will meet with immediate support, has been made to place a bust of the late Field-Marshal the Earl of Ypres in the Memorial Church at Ypres. A bronze bust of the late Field-Marshal has been made by Mr. Jo Davidson, and is now in New York. At the suggestion of Violet Duchess of Rutland, an old friend of Lord Ypres, Mr. Davidson has undertaken to make another bust in Burgundy stone, which, it is hoped, will be finished in time to be exhibited at next year's Academy. After that it will be kept at Aldershot until such time as the Church at Ypres has been so far completed that it will be possible to place the bust in its transept. This is a national memorial, and those wishing to associate themselves with it should send their donation to Colonel L. Stanley Barry, C.M.G., 17, Queen's Gate Place, London, S.W. Marshal Joffre, Marshal Foch, General Gouraud, and General Weygand have all subscribed to the fund. If there is any surplus after the bust is paid for it will be devoted to the transept of the Memorial Church at Ypres.

Aitken

A HUNTING ENGAGEMENT

Miss Alice Angela Beit, the elder daughter of Sir Otto Beit, photographed at a recent meet of the Hertfordshire with her fiancé, Mr. Arthur Bull, younger son of the Rev. Reginald and Mrs. Bull. Miss Beit is Master of the Hertfordshire

Sport and General

A SCOTTISH MEET

Miss Alice Laurie, the Hon. Pat Baifour, and the Hon. David Balfour photographed at a recent meet of the Dumfriesshire. This took place at Castlemilk, Dumfries

The Musgraves came over with the Conqueror. The present baronet is the twelfth of his line. Charles II gave the Musgrave baronet of that time, a devoted Royalist, a peerage. But for some reason or other that Musgrave never bothered to take up the patent, and baronets they have always been.

Lady Musgrave, a daughter of King Edward's devoted friend and his Lord-in-Waiting for thirty-eight years, the late Lord Suffield, was Lady-in-Waiting to Princess Victoria, who used to pay long visits every year to Eden Hall.

L.N.A.

OUT WITH THE FERNIE

Lady Cromwell and Miss Massie photographed at a recent meet of the Fernie. This took place at Ashlands House

Identity Cards in France

THERE has been considerable difference of opinion between the

MISS H. P. SPENS *Bassano*

The only daughter of the late Mr. J. G. Spens and of Lady Moncrieff and step-daughter of Lord Moncrieff. She is to marry Mr. E. J. Paton Walsh, of the Royal Artillery

A BUSINESS GIRL *Lenaire*

Miss Helen Robertson, the youngest daughter of Field-Marshal Sir William Robertson and Lady Robertson, who has been given a business appointment. She is in the offices of the London General Omnibus Company

French Senate and the French Chamber of Deputies on the matter of foreigners in France, whether visitors or residents, taking out identity cards. By a compromise arrived at between the two, foreigners may still stay two months in France without an identity card, which means a saving of much time and fuss, as it generally means hours of waiting when one applies for a card. But anyone going to France and intending to stay more than two months should not fail to get a card, for failure to do so may lead to all sorts of annoyances.

A BRIDE-TO-BE *Bassano*

Miss Peggy Thomas, the eldest daughter of the Rt. Hon. J. H. Thomas, M.P., whose engagement was recently announced. Her fiancé is Mr. Reginald Harris

The Carp at Fontainebleau

THE scientific people are sweeping away the things you've believed in since ever you had the sense to believe anything at all. At Fontainebleau there are some prodigious carp. You go out on a balcony with seventeenth-century ironwork jutting over the tank in which they live. They are monsters, and so old that odd growths hang down from their bodies, just like lichen on a tree. One carp, with many feet of this lichen-like growth swaying all about him as he dashes for your piece of bread or biscuit, the custodian tells you, dates from the time of Henri IV of France. That is a good four hundred years ago.

At Richmond there used to be a carp, likewise all hung round with the lichen-like growth, which, tradition said, used to be fed by Charles II.

But the scientists have swept all this away. The ears of fishes, they say, show their age just as the rings on the stems of trees show their growth year by year. And Science adds coldly, "Such examinations have not confirmed the great ages assigned to the carp in historical ponds, such, for example, as the lake at the Palace of Fontainebleau." So that settles Henri IV.

Once upon a time carp was the universal food on Fridays and during Lent. All the monasteries, convents, palaces, and the houses of the rich had carp ponds. Nowadays they are only bred in Holland, whence they are exported to America in blocks of ice, and to this country. Both here and in America they are eaten principally by Jews.

I ate one once in France during the war—very coarse and muddy.

ENGAGED *Lafayette*

Miss Sophie Andreae, who is to marry Mr. Terence Shone, of the Foreign Office, the only son of Lieut.-General Sir William and Lady Shone. She is the second daughter of Mr. and Herman Andreae

A "RUGGER" ENGAGEMENT *Aitken*

Mr. I. J. Pitman, the famous English Rugby International, with his fiancée, Miss Margaret Lawson-Johnston. The latter, who is the daughter of Sir George Lawson-Johnston, is a niece of Lord St. John of Bletso

TO WED *Lafayette*

Miss Angela Muir, the daughter of Colonel G. W. and Mrs. Muir, who is to marry Mr. B. H. Allfrey, of the 9th Lancers. Her father commands the 1st Battalion of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders

TO BE MARRIED NEXT WEEK *Vandyk*

Miss Margaret Lopes, the third daughter of Sir Henry Lopes, who is to be married next week at the Guards Chapel to Captain Henry Archibald R. Graham

MISS PAMELA ARTHUR *Bassano*

Who is to marry Mr. J. R. Rudd, the younger son of Mr. and Mrs. Percy Rudd, of Kimberley. She is the only daughter of the Hon. Cecil Arthur, and a granddaughter of Lord Glenarthur

One of these Dutch carp has recently been bought for the Zoo. It is known to be thirty years old, is two and a half feet long, and weighs twenty-one pounds.

British Industries Fair

FROM February 21 until March 4 the White City at Shepherd's Bush, which has lain derelict and empty for so long, will be a scene of bustling activity. Between these two dates a British Industries Fair will be held there, organised by the Department of Overseas Trade. Only British manufacturing firms will be allowed to exhibit, and no firm or individual exhibitor may show articles other than their own manufacture.

Perhaps the existence of the Department of Overseas Trade will come as a surprise to many of you. It has been created to assist the British exporter. Its head office is at 35, Old Queen Street, Westminster, and it was formed with the object of becoming the centre from which British traders can obtain reliable commercial information concerning overseas markets. The Department has officers stationed in all the more important foreign markets of the world. Upon their constant reports the Department is able to advise any British trader seeking information as to the conditions of any particular foreign market. The representatives of the Department abroad also provide local assistance in the promotion of British trade. Every phase of British manufactures will be represented at Shepherd's Bush, and an identical British Industries Fair will be held on the same days at Castle Bromwich, Birmingham.

Lewis

THE MARCHIONESS OF QUEENSBERRY

Who before her marriage last year was Miss Kathleen Mann. The daughter of the famous artist Mr. Harrington Mann, Lady Queensberry is herself an accomplished portrait painter

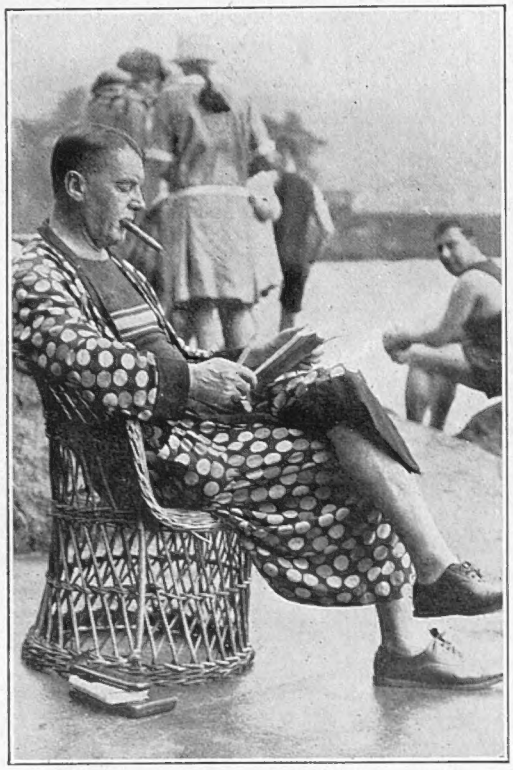
MISS MARJORIE DU PRE *Yevonde*

The eldest daughter of Lieut.-Colonel William and Mrs. Du Pre, of Witton Park, Beaconsfield. She is to marry Mr. Richard Herbert, of the 3rd Grenadier Guards. Her fiancé is the son of Lieut.-Colonel E. B. Herbert and the Hon. Mrs. Herbert

A Charity Ball

THE third annual Crusade of Rescue Ball will be held at the Hotel Cecil on January 31, under most distinguished patronage, including that of the Queen of Spain, the ex-King and Queen of Portugal, Princess Beatrice, the Marchioness of Carisbrooke, and many others. Tickets, including supper, are £1 1s., and it is expected that the Ball will be one of the most successful ones of the year. The Crusade of Rescue is doing magnificent work in saving London's waifs and strays.

Golden Days in Madeira—And Some Who Enjoy Them



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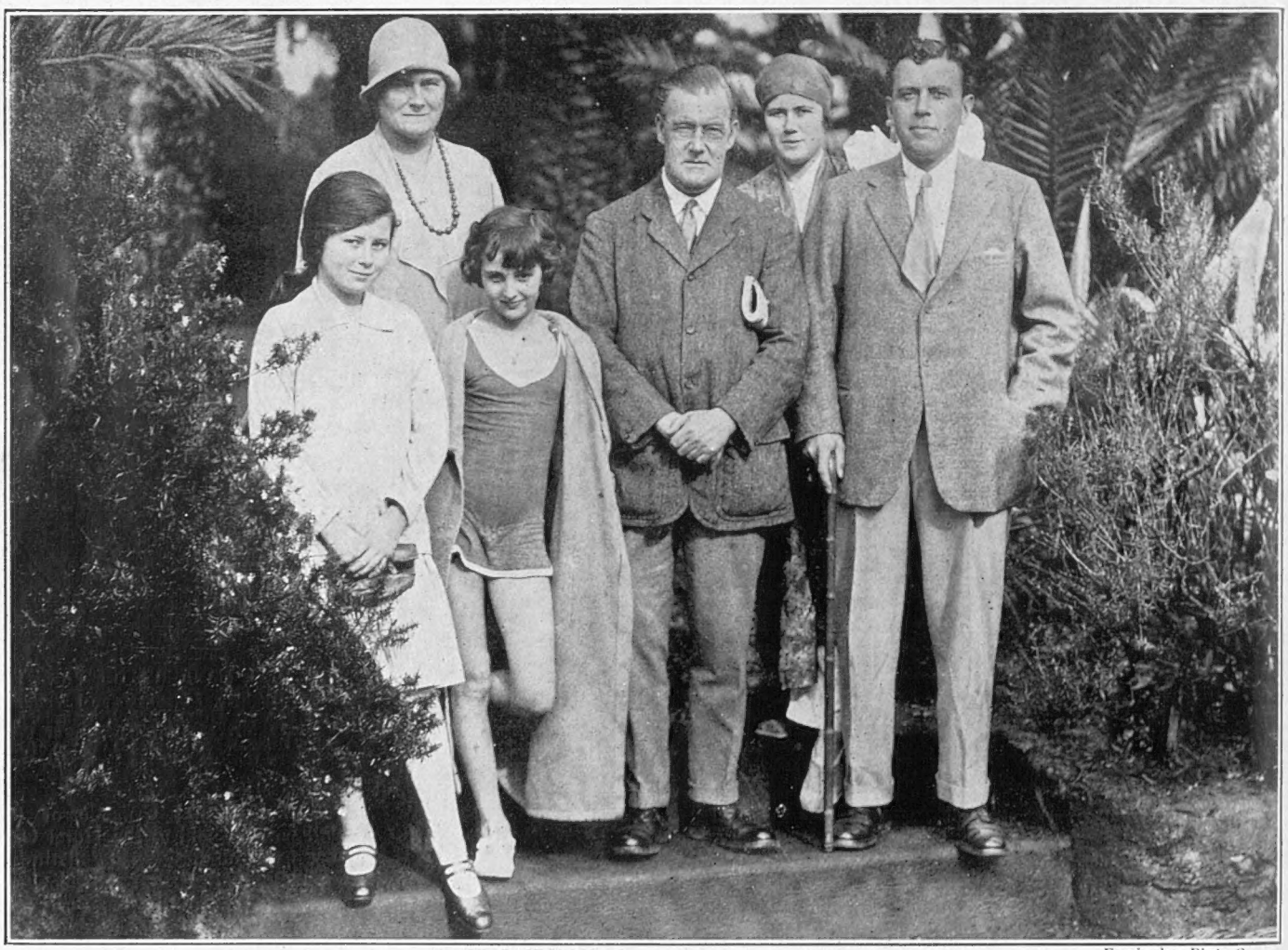
LORD BIRKENHEAD

Sport and General

LADY JULIET DUFF

Sport and General

LADY BIRKENHEAD



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A GROUP INCLUDING SIR LEONARD LYLE and the MISSES S. and N. LYLE, LADY PAMELA SMITH and MR. A. D. PREBBLE

Some of the lucky people who have exchanged England's murk and mud for Madeira's sunny clime. Sunshine is the order of the day in the Canary Islands

BYSTANDER COMMENTS

My Solemn Resolution

FOR years I have been preaching the gospel of laziness—following in the footsteps of R.L.S., by beseeching you to pity those busy fellows who sow hurry and reap indigestion. I have penned more apologies for idlers than any man living, and on this very latest New Year's Day I made a great and solemn Resolution that I would on no account permit myself to be stampeded into a nervous breakdown due to overwork.

This Busy World

BUT all to no purpose! The more I have urged my fellow men not to work too hard, the busier the world has been getting. Pedestrians no longer walk—they run like hares and get there if they are lucky. We do not wait until the week-end to cable at reduced rates to a friend in New York; we talk to him before breakfast—either his breakfast or ours, I forget which. And as for some of our plays, they come off so quickly that the bill-poster's paste has barely time to dry. It is all rush and hurry, and you may imagine me, a lonely figure, sitting sadly upon some lonely eminence, watching all the world scuttle by like a lot of frightened rabbits.

Lazy Isolation

DID I say "all the world"? I was wrong. Sitting with me in lazy isolation you may now picture Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, who has had the courage to broadcast this heartening New Year's message from Aylesbury, where the ducks come from. "I am a lazy man by inclination." Such is the clarion note that the Labour leader sends ringing through this over-busy Britain of ours. "I am a lazy man—by inclination." Mark the significant break in the voice that the reporter left out and that I have put in. For Mr. MacDonald is no more a lazy man than I am, except by inclination. That is the distinction that makes the difference. We are all lazy—by inclination, but how many of us can afford to carry our happy doctrine into effect? Not I, for one, and certainly not Mr. MacDonald for another!

Square Dealings

ONCE more, money is at the root of the matter. It is the greed for gain that is sending us rushing down the rocky road that leads to physical failure! Take our cross-word puzzles! There was a leisurely hobby fit for clergymen, Stock Exchange brokers, Mr. MacDonald, and myself. But now that the money-grubbers have crept in how sadly the scene has changed. We no longer drift through the dictionary, treating those jolly little squares as a sort of playground. Rather do we pit our vocabulary in frenzied fight against the ingenuity of cleverer men than ourselves. Rather do we do battle with a million-to-one chance, falling back in utter exhaustion at the end of the fray.

A Thing of Thrills

SO with football. Time was when the result of a match between Cowdenbeath and Partick Thistle left us comfortably cold. Motherwell might put it across the Airdrieonians, but we went on eating our porridge without turning a hair. Now, when there are more coupons than in the lean war days, a match between Wrexham and Rochdale is a thing of thrills, when you remember that a thousand pounds may turn upon the hazard of a goal. If such things as these represent modern progress, then, like Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, I am a lazy man by inclination if not in fact.

He Took Off His Coat

MR. MORRIS, of Oxford, has flamed across the journalistic horizon by reason of a magnificent donation to a London hospital, but I

By David Wilson

THE BEAR IN THE CHINA SHOP!

still think that the world is more greatly in his debt on account of his purely commercial activities. For Mr. Morris gained undying fame when he taught us that it is possible for a simple Britisher to take off his coat and beat the Americans at their own game. Mr. Morris, a more lonely and therefore more heroic figure than Horatius Cocles, first stemmed the tide of cheap American cars and then carried the war into the enemy's country with devastating effect. Viewed in the cold light of reason, the thing was impossible, and when a grateful country rewards him as a grateful country should, I hope the credit will be given to his business ability rather than to the splendid generosity that prompted his latest and greatest gift.

A Synthetic Shakespeare

Science goes marching on, and the recent startling developments in the world transmission of sound and sight have thrilled those of us who are possessed of sufficient imagination to marvel at the marvels of this marvellous age. But science has its limitations, in that it is not creative in the highest sense of the word. Science can transmit a great thought from Greenland's icy mountains to India's coral strand, but science cannot create the thought. It can set the jewel, but it cannot manufacture the authentic gem. When science gives us a synthetic Shakespeare we will bow the knee, but until that time comes the scientists must approach the creative artist in a spirit of becoming humility.

Futile Proverbs

Last week I tried a fall with the out-of-date *cliché* that is constantly on the lips of the unthinking, and invited my readers to provide examples other than those I instanced on the spur of the moment. Since that bright January morning the postman has groaned beneath his heavy load of replies, and I could compile a list of futile proverbs as long as the arm of Olympia's latest giant. Further, the editor of my Sunday paper has taken up the gage. "Politeness costs nothing—doesn't it!" he scoffs. "All's well that ends well—is it?" he snorts. "The rolling stone gathers no moss—oh, doesn't it?" says he, drawing air through his teeth. But, interesting as this topic has become, let us realise that we have carried our point, and that "this discussion must now close."

The Next Step

I was terribly thrilled by the appointment of a B.B.C. "commentator" to describe the progress of Saturday's international Rugger match. Because, of course, this is only the thin edge of the wedge, the next step being, obviously, to send the said "commentator" to a golf championship or a theatrical first night. In which event, piquant situations will arise:—

"Foozling his drive on the seventeenth tee, Colonel Banger remarked—*(atmospherics interfered with the satisfactory reception at this point).*"

What We May Hear

So far as the first night is concerned, we may suppose that the commentator is sitting in a stage box "5ft. 6in. in height and 4ft. 6in. in width, made of wood and lined with felt. The box will be fitted with a glass panel to enable him to view the whole field of the play"—as at Twickenham. Then we may have something like this:

"The villain has shot the aged squire. He has set the manor house on fire. The hero, who was passing by, has been captured and condemned to die. The heroine, gentle lady, cried, and fainted—on the O.P. side. The comic man, of course, was there. *He* tracked the villain to his lair. The villain, I need scarcely add, is to be hanged, and everyone is glad—he was so very, very bad!"

A Curious Predicament

The pilot of an R.A.F. bombing aeroplane who tried to reach Kent from Grantham and found himself in Holland has doubtless had to put up with a deal of gentle leg-pulling, but he has my sympathy and complete understanding in his curious predicament. On one occasion, when returning from Ostend by air, we were temporarily mixed up with a thunderstorm, and after getting clear we found ourselves returning merrily in the direction from which we had come. Sounds silly, I dare say, but you'd be surprised how easily the mistake can be made when you have once lost your bearings.

Have a Heart!

Reverting to the B.B.C., it will be interesting to see what happens in the war now being waged between the amateur schoolmasters and the professional uncles. A schoolmaster is all very well in his proper place, but an uncle is a jolly fellow better suited to the needs of the bedtime hour. After all, when a fellow has been swotting at pothooks and hangers, or the twice-times-two table, he doesn't want to have a lot of knowledge shoved into him by some pedantic higgler. Suppose he were to have a nervous breakdown or his brain were to burst! Have a heart!

From Our Portrait Gallery

Sybil Clay.

LADY CUNLIFFE

Who was before her marriage to Lord Cunliffe in 1925 Miss Joan Lubbock, the second daughter of Mr. Cecil Lubbock, a director of the Bank of England. Lady Cunliffe recently gave birth to a daughter

JOTTINGS *from the* WINTER SPORTS CENTRES

BY OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT

Sport and General

STANDING ROOM ONLY

Lord and Lady Plunket, Mlle. de Alvarez, Miss Gladys Cooper, Capt. Cunningham Reid, M.P., Mr. Shaw Kennedy, and Mr. Ponsonby setting out from St. Moritz. Miss Hilda Tennant standing by to see them off

Farringdon Photo Co.

A FAMILY TRIO

Lady Thirlestane with her two children, the Hon. Ivor and the Hon. Sylvia Maitland, at St. Moritz. Their workmanlike attire suggests that strenuous work was the order of the day

Sport and General

AN EXPERT IN ACTION

Dame Katharine Furse, the authority on winter sports, demonstrating at Pontresina.

ANY fears which the Swiss may have had about the success of the present winter season were already dispelled a week before Christmas when the "Drang nach Ostern" of regiments of British men, women, and children seriously set in. Since then further battalions of pleasure seekers have been pouring into the country, until there must be now quite an "excellent sufficiency" of people at every resort known to tourists. The Engadine, of course, has again a full complement of the class known in France as *très snob*, although, as a matter of fact, there is very little snobbery in that delightful region, except, perhaps, in the matter of expensive tastes and raiment. Never have the women's costumes been so gorgeous and "exclusive," and never have the noisy curlers sported check suits so perfectly synchronising with the loudness of their "calling." St. Moritz never boasted less than half a dozen curling clubs in its history, but it has now added three others—the Carlton, the Kuhn, and the Bavier. Whether timid people are being frightened away from snow sports by the "too-old-at-forty" cry is a moot question; but the fact remains that more men and women in the prime of life are now "sooping" themselves into condition

Topical

DANCING "STEP" SISTERS AT PLAY

The Dolly Sisters, free from the cares of the theatre, indulge in a little recreation at St. Moritz. They seem to be making great strides

"O, WHAT A FALL WAS THERE!" *Topical*

Two light-hearted novices making the best of things after their umpteenth crash. The nursery slopes are seldom without a few such victims

on Alpine ice-rinks than ever in history. Those "parvenus" of the curling rink, the Junior St. Moritz, opened the season well by winning some handsome trophies presented by Mr. J. McKay, of Nairn, the victorious team consisting of M. L. Martin, J. Campbell, Hogarth, and Hutchins. It is hoped to put a strong team on the ice for the Jackson Cup, the curlers'

THE SMILE OF VICTORY *L.N.A.*

Mr. P. Hodgson (brake), Mr. T. C. Williamson, and Mr. J. D. Williamson after winning the bobsleigh race at Mürren. Their time was 54 4/5 seconds

Sport and General

AT MÜRREN

Lady Buckingham watching the Inter-Hotel Bobsleigh race at Mürren. Despite the cold it was hotly contested!

blue riband, which some dozens of Anglo-Scots will attempt to wrest from Wengen on January 24 next.

The failure of the "London Lions" and the English Varsity hockey teams to get back their brilliant form of last season caused a certain amount of disappointment. However, they proved wonderfully successful at the indoor functions, which, after all, is no mean recompense.

All the "homicidal crowd," as the Cresta riders are called, are back again in their crash helmets and padded suits daily tempting fate on that section of the mile-long icicle so far open. Colonel J. T. C. Moore-Brabazon has done some good times and won the Cottrill Cup, while other fervents are H. Bathurst, J. C. Lawrence, Brigadier-General A. C. Critchley, and Mr. Archie Crabbe, a young Guardsman very popular in London Society. One of the most constant of Cresta supporters, the Hon. Francis Curzon, is expected at the Kulm about January 17.

In view of the Olympic winter games, which are to be held at St. Moritz early next year, some decision will have to be taken regarding the "prone" position of late years adopted by bobsleigh crews. Many judges are of the opinion that the *ventre à terre* position, in which most of the crew occupy the *rôle* of "dead mutton," is responsible for the present decline of bobsleighing, and they are urging that the upright

SOOPERS READY *I.B.*

Sir Percy Bates (left) and Mr. W. V. Jephson spare a few moments from "soopin' it oop" to oblige the camera man. The photograph was taken at a curling match at Wengen

position be again made obligatory in all races. A list of the skating "stars" now at St. Moritz gives the names of over a score of the best blades in Europe.

Davos this season has one of the best ice-hockey teams ever seen there; and, by defeating La Rosey and Oxford, showed that they will figure prominently in the Olympic winter games.

In that delectable region, the Bernese Oberland, the season continues its hectic course. To get the crowds of Britishers there many of the Oberland expresses had to be doubled. But, judging by the number of people at such places as Mürren, Wengen, Grindelwald, and Kandersteg, the trains will have to be *quadrupled to get them away*.

Many of the old brigade are back at Gstaad, including Rear-Admiral Carpendale, who, as a prudent skier, always books his room at the Bergenhof a year in advance. Lower down the line at Les Avants, Major Ker has taken the curling in hand, and some very promising novices are enjoying tuition.

Montreux-Territet, at the foot of that imposing Alp on which stands Caux, has benefited largely from the general prosperity, and some of the recent indoor events have equalled anything of past years. Colonel McNeil, better known as "Sapper," functioned as juror at the fancy dress ball at the Grand, when first prizes were won by Miss Welchman and Mrs. Feraldo respectively for the best paper costume and the most original dress.

The season is in full swing at Chamonix, where large numbers of visitors are disporting themselves in true winter sports fashion, the snow here being in good condition. Mont Revard, too, is affording plenty of sport for the enthusiast, and is well established in popular favour. In the Pyrenees, Font-Romeu and Superbagnères are also enjoying a good season from both the standpoint of suitable climatic conditions and the numbers of visitors who are taking full advantage thereof.

H. C. J.

A. Trottman

ENGLEBERG IN WINTER

A picturesque photograph of a bob-station on the Drahtseilbahn railway at Engleberg. Since the winter of 1905-06, when the Engleberg hotels started their first winter sports season, Engleberg has been one of the most popular Swiss resorts

P. and A.

A NAVAL HERO AT WENGEN

Captain Carpenter, V.C., who commanded H.M.S. Vindictive at Zeebrugge on the memorable St. George's Day in 1918, photographed with his daughter on the ice at Wengen

P.L.M. Collection

A GOOD TAKE OFF

A typical winter sports scene at Mont Revard, where there is a very fine spring board for skiers called the *Tremplin du Col des Ebats*. Mont Revard is the nearest and most quickly attainable winter sports centre to Paris

"FREEDOM FROM HER MOUNTAIN HEIGHT" *I.B.*

A view of Davos, photographed from the ski-ing fields. It is impossible to be anything but "cheery" in this land of sunshine and snow

The Hankow Jiu-jitsu

BY E. T. REED

AUSTEN (*explaining to the public*): "My 'position rather supine'? Oh! but this is not *ordinary* 'Jiu-jitsu,' you know! This is the (ugh!) new 'Hankow' variety. You see, you abstain from all use of your own great powers (O-o-oh!) and lure your opponent, through a series of resolute little 'concessions,' into *his* strongest position. (Oh! *Don't do that!!*) Quite novel, you know, and (*sotto voce*) horribly painful!"

Rugger Reactions

By Pendarves Twickenham

Turmoils

Illustrations by H. M. BROCK

THE psychology of the Rugger enthusiast before, during and after an International match at Twickenham is instructive. The most interesting thing of all is to hear the otherwise quite intelligent man saying blandly, about four days before the Saturday, "I must go and get a ticket. Which is the most likely box office?" And when you inform him that the men of big business have been endeavouring, unsuccessfully, to wangle one for themselves for months and months, he looks quite surprised and slightly incredulous.

Then there is the optimist, complete with the most perfect self-assurance, who says, "All rot, this frenzy to get tickets for Twickenham. Always tons of room on the ground. I've never had the slightest difficulty, believe me." Nobody does believe him, naturally. Nor can anyone ever be found who has been *with* him to an International to confirm or confute his statement that he "got down there at five past two and just walked in and had a magnificent view, and the whole thing cost me five bob." Not that anyone is foolhardy enough to want to attempt the hazard.

There is another brand of liar who says he got down in his car a "bit late" but "managed to find" a vacant space in the front rank of the car park and "got away without the least difficulty, and was back in the West End in under the half-hour." He is only a shade more irritating than the infernal fellow who offers you a lift and agrees with you that it is prudent to leave Piccadilly not later than 1.15. When the time comes he is nowhere to be found. Yes, the hall porter has seen him. Thinks he went out a few minutes ago, but is not sure. You hunt about the club with rising anger. He is your only possible means of getting there at all now. Hardly worth while starting now. May as well stay here and play snooker and watch the Welsh tries coming through on the tape.

At about 1.43 he strolls in nonchalantly. He had been giving the dog a run in the Park. "Nearly a quarter to two, is it? Oh, that's all right: just nice time; are you ready ol' man? Well, we may as well think about moving off. What about the other half of that port—no? Righto." But he doesn't move off at all. He fiddles about. Begs you not to get "rattled." Everything will be O.K. He has never been late yet. . . .

These men never *are* late until you elect to go down with them. Then they are never anything else! Having found the inevitable and interminable car queue, which begins considerably over a mile from the ground, the cursed driver falls to the blandishments of a disreputable-looking man, somewhere in the town of Twickenham, who stands at the entrance to a doubtful looking yard, saying, "'Ere y'are, sir—a bob a nob—plenty o' room in 'ere." "Yes," says your now contemptible and despised host, "that'll do fine. Out you get, chaps."

I know of nothing more frightful than that which follows. You are clad in your heaviest motor coat (having, of course, been obliged to suffer agonies in his Arctic dickey). The weather has now become suddenly sultry. You commence that long sprint to the ground. There are left only seven minutes before the kick off. Half the population of England seems to be upon this road. One-third of them tread on your heels as you lumber heavily along. The other third, in the persons of chauffeurs whom you wouldn't have in *your* employ for half an hour, hoot violently in the nape of your neck and graze your now sweating body with their filthy enamelled wings.

Your wind is not what it was. Those legs of yours *won't* move faster. Faint sounds of cheering reach you now. Great Scot! they've begun. Another roar of cheering breaks out. My sainted aunt! Wales have scored. Must be Wales—nasty growl of triumph in that cheer. We're going to lose the damn game. . . . You feel you may now be sick at any moment. Three enormous men block your staggering path. They seem to be in no hurry whatever. Soccer fans, of course—hopeless. Oughtn't to be here at all—confound them. . . . The corner of the east stand appears looming up on the horizon. Seems a couple of miles away. Lucky if you get there now before half-time. NEVER A-G--A—I—N!

When at length you do reach your part of the stand—Block T, Seat 14, Row 32—*you can't get into it!* Quite a number of unspeakable men sitting in your row are utterly unaware of your shoulder tappings and your terse "Excuse me—thanks—just a moment if you don't mind." They seem all to be in a sort of trance. . . . Meanwhile a dozen angry voices behind bawl at you, "Sit *down* in front there!"

No. As I have said before, NEVER A-G--A—I—N!

From Across the "Herring Pond"

ADRIENNE DE SALES

Hall Evans

An attractive young American who will shortly be seen for the first time on the London stage. A former member of the Ziegfield Follies, she has scored many successes in New York

Produced December 22, 1926

By "JINGLE" *Illustrations by MACMICHAEL*

HULLY Gee! but this is some play! The plot is an adroit mingling of the styles of the Popular Novelette and the Penny Dreadful, but the side-shows and the acting of a singularly well-drilled company call for the warmest admiration. There is an illuminating note on the programme to the effect that the introduction of Prohibition has given birth to the cunning industry known as Bootlegging. It would appear that the several gangs of illicit traders are required by the ethics of the craft to keep to their own particular whisky-walk, and not to offer their fiery wares for sale in the spheres of influence claimed by their rivals. The play deals briskly with a desperate feud between two Bootlegging gangs arising from a direct breach of this honourable convention.

THE blood-and-thunder part of the play is ingeniously arranged, so that it filters jerkily through the lighter proceedings of the variety company of a New York Night Club, with their easy freedom of action and language. Indeed, the very direct query as to Who the Hell, or What the Hell, is a coruscating feature of this valiant show, doubtless in order to emphasise the fact that we are, after all, only in the underworld of a great city. I understand that the play in no way exaggerates the deplorable savagery that Prohibition has called into being, and, as it stands, it must be doing powerful missionary work for the repeal of one of the craziest enactments that history can record. We are not quite out of the wood in our own country yet, but we have, so far, not been compelled to take to gun-play.

AT DAGGERS DRAWN *Stage Photo Co.*

The distaff side of the cabaret show, which has a marvellous adaptability for quarrelling, love making, and strange language. The pirate gang is seen about to make a raid upon the customary somewhat easily pleased cabaret audience

WE begin with a lively rehearsal at the Night Club, where, behind the scenes, a number of scantily attired young ladies are going through the steps of a new dance under the critical eye of their manager, whose lively comments on the alleged ineptitude of his company are both frequent and free. The hero is Roy Lane, a speciality dancer, who makes the insistent claim that for his part he brings Personality into an otherwise mediocre entertainment; but it is, I believe, the common experience that unassuming modesty is not a distinguishing characteristic of public entertainers. Roy has not yet come into his own; but he is hopefully training a lady partner, "Billie" Moore, in the more complicated branch of step-dancing, and already in his mind's eye he sees his name in blazing electric lights illuminating the night-life of Broadway.

THEN we meet the villain, Steve Crandall, who, in true novelette style, is taking "Billie" out in his automobile and giving her glittering bracelets with the

usual sad intent to betray and deceive. Steve is the very prosperous head of a Bootlegging gang, and while he is talking business with his partners at the Night Club, a rival Bootlegger, "Scar" Edwards (so-called from a facial cicatrice), butts into the room in a state of considerable emotion. He is very careful to explain in advance that, having come on a mission of peace, he has left his "gun" behind him as evidence of good faith. He then points out with much emphasis and energy of gesture that Crandall's lot have been poaching on his preserves, and if that sort of thing does not stop there will be shooting on a rather considerable scale.

CRANDALL listens with more or less impatience until "Scar" has done talking; and, as soon as "Scar" turns to go, a happy idea for an effective repartee comes to him. He whips out his "gun" and shoots "Scar" fatally in the back. It is a rather severe way of settling of commercial rivalry perhaps; but, as has been well said, there is no sentiment in business. Besides, since under the beneficent con-

stitution of the United States the penalty for drinking unofficial whisky and for committing murder is the same, namely death, one may as well be electrocuted for a sheep as a lamb; and then, again, it must be quite as comfortable to be shocked instantaneously out of the world as to leave it gradually by way of squirms in the midriff.

With the coming of the Second Act, the Night Club is in full swing, with the cabaret show being performed "off." The bright and almost-attired dancing girls trip in and out of the scene with most amusing effect. Now and again they pause to change their scanty attire in full view of the audience, but this is done with a nice discretion that must sadly disappoint the picturesque hopes of the livelier gentlemen in the house. At one point this hurried toilet adjustment reaches a laughable height of absurdity. Roy, the hero, is making a quick change when his friend and partner "Billie" appears on the scene, and he at once takes the opportunity of urging her to be more circumspect in her dealings with the crafty Crandall. And as he makes his pathetic appeal he stands there with the battered silk hat of buffoonery on his head, and a costume limited to shirt and socks. Sweet romance can hardly have been put to a severer test.

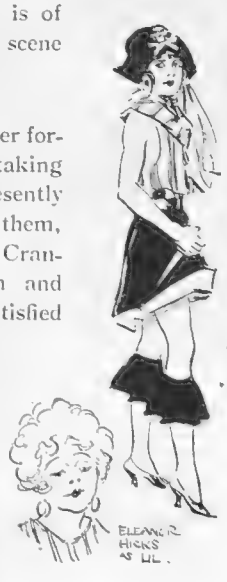
Then we come back to our Penny Dreadful again. It appears that even in New York you cannot kill a person you dislike without provoking some kind of interference from the police. While Crandall is calmly smoking a cigarette, after having flung the dead body of his rival into the street, a well-known detective, who specialises in murder cases, strolls on the scene and enquires casually if anyone has seen "Scar" Edwards lately. This part of the detective is played with striking ability by Mr. Hartley

Power. His quiet but pointed questions, put in apologetic tones, have a convincing dramatic effect; and the team work of the gang, which on occasion crowds round him with murderous intent, is of rare excellence. It is a scene that lives.

Roy, the hero, can never forgive Crandall for taking Billie from him, and presently there is a row between them, in the course of which Crandall knocks him down and pulls a gun on him, satisfied that Roy is another obstacle that must be promptly removed. About that time the detective strolls on again in his bland way, and gently enquires as to the nature of this obviously unneighbourly debate. The detective has really no use for Roy except as a blind; but the arrest of the wrong man is such a necessary ingredient of drama of this kind that it could not be omitted. Roy, the hero, is represented by Mr. Roy Lloyd, who is an actor of conspicuous ability and resourcefulness. Mr. Bernard J. Nedell makes Crandall an accomplished villain of the usual callous type, and the play is of fascinating interest from first to last. JINGLE.

AN ANXIOUS MOMENT *Stage Photo Co.*

Pearl (Karen Peterson) faints at the news of her prospective husband's, "Scar" Edwards (Gerald Lundegard), death. Steve Crandall (Bernard J. Nedell), the villain of the piece, administers first aid



BON MOT-IFS

By HARTLEY CARRICK

THE man who first conceived the idea of the telephone is responsible for the fact that we can now talk to America. Alas, "the evil that men do lives after them."

. . . . . .

AT a recent Communist meeting Mr. A. J. Cook failed to turn up. He is said to have received a telegram asking, "Where is my squandering boy tonight?"

. . . . . .

When our china they dust,
We tell maids that they must
Be cautious with bits that are rare;

And it's equally true
That diplomatists, too,
Should handle all China with care!

. . . . . .

"ONE of these days," yelled Soap-box Sam, "Lloyd George'll get it in the neck!" Possibly that is why the latter is pressing on with his Back-to-the-Gland movement.

. . . . . .

WE are told that brunettes will come back into favour. But who wants to return to the Dark Ages?

. . . . . .

ACCORDING to statistics Lancashire is becoming more sober. More of the natives, in fact, are going on the water-Wigan.

. . . . . .

COLONEL LAWRENCE is an intrepid fellow. We believe it is true that late one night he entered an Arab chief's encampment and asked for a sheikh-down.

. . . . . .

"HOW can I learn to skate?" asks a correspondent. Let him try treading on the soap in the bath.

. . . . . .

ANOTHER reader wants to know why he can't brew beer at home. We advise him to look after his home brood instead.

A HEARTFELT CRY

Take back the heart you gave to me:
'Tis false as you are fair;
Nor think of your duplicity
That I am unaware.
I will not stoop
To be the dupe
Of a designing maid;
Too well I know
The gambler's throw,
The trick you would have played.

Are you of decency bereft?
Fear you not friends nor foes?
That you've no simple honour left,
You lead me to suppose.
Too oft I've lost,
And paid the cost,
And rallied to your aid;
Now, lest I choke
At your revoke,
Take back the heart you've played!

. . . . . .

TWO husbands and their respective wives are now playing in the same cinema orchestra. We wonder which is playing second fiddle to which.

. . . . . .

A MR. BEES has entered a Dominion Parliament. It is fellows such as he who ought to make things hum.

. . . . . .

A PHYSICIAN informs the world that yawning is healthy. Then, dramatic critics should live to be a hundred.

STAGE SILHOUETTES

(Mr. Godfrey Tearle, with congratulations on his convalescence.)

We all rejoice
Once more his voice
Can set maids' hearts awhirl.
From luck's bad way,
In future, may
Some kindly god free Tearle!

. . . . . .

"WHY, Bobby, do you eat your cake first?"

"Because I want to make it last!"

. . . . . .

A CYNIC ON A CERTAIN LADY

In figure she is just a mere rake,
And when she speaks she gives me ear-
ache.

. . . . . .

A LADIES' journal states that a large dressing-table is a *sine quâ non*. Ours happens to be a shiny Queen Anne.

. . . . . .

A WRITER comments on the large fortunes left by jam manufacturers. But you can leave a lot if you go in for mess production.

. . . . . .

WE read that coalowners in Germany are unpopular.

In Germany now
There's the deuce of a row,
Due to ways of Teutonic coalowners:
Through the want of some tact,
It appears it's a fact
That you're all in bad odour, Cologners!

. . . . . .

"YOU had better be X-ray'd," said the doctor.

"There's no need," sighed the patient. "Get my wife; she's always been able to see through me!"

BY EDWIN MORROW

THE ROMAN REMAINS!

CROC(K)ED!

BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

Pictorial proof of the famous adage that "an Englishman never knows when he is eaten"

Three Stars From the West

Abbe

Andrée, Gizelle, and Dolores Pold, triplets who hail from France's West Indian possession, Guadaloupe, are all the rage in Paris. They are giving their "little song and dance" at the famous Champs Elysées Music-hall

THE CALL OF THE ALPS

By A. H. D'EGVILLE, F.R.G.S.

Illustrations by A. D. PHOENIX

EVERY year more and more people decide to "try the Alps," and once they have made the experiment not many of them fail to return the following year and persuade their friends to join them.

And to what is the popularity of this kind of holiday due?

I think it was Gladstone who said that the best holiday in the world was a complete change of occupation, and certainly nothing corresponds to this definition so much as an Alpine holiday. Here all is quite different from the accustomed life. The food is different, the air is different, and the scenery, the life—even the people seem different. Indeed, they *are* different.

Nothing seems to bring the Briton out of his habitual shell like the Alps. Whether it is the air, or the change of scenery or occupation, no one can tell. But certain it is that once across the Swiss frontier his whole demeanour changes; he is a different man—gay, light-hearted, cheerful, optimistic. He enters into the games at the ice gymkhana with the zest of a schoolboy, he takes his food with a relish that only the open-air life can create, and he finds himself capable of physical efforts and powers of endurance with which his best friends would never have credited him. Only yesterday he grumbled at the fatigue caused by the five-hundred yards' walk from the railway station to his home in the evening. Now he is able, almost at once, to ski and skate and toboggan all day without the slightest signs of lassitude and to be ready for a dance in the evening with the prospect of an early rising the following morning. Strange!

Indeed, the atmosphere of Alpine life seems to affect every age. The older

"Skating on perfect ice"

and stiffer of our compatriots may be seen hurtling through space on a luge with the careless abandon of sixteen, and taking "tosses" which, if sustained at home, would certainly call for bed and light food. Upon the practice slopes may be seen the bending forms of admirals and dowager duchesses, retired stockbrokers and senior partners. The bob-run is full of people over fifty, all bending and bobbing with an agility which would make their family doctors bulge with pride.

What constitutes, for all practical purposes, a sprained ankle at home becomes a slight twist in Switzerland. That cut on the knee which led to the cancellation of all those jolly parties for nearly a week is found out here to be no deterrent to a vigorous evening's dancing.

Almost the appetite becomes an embarrassment. Dare one ask for a third helping of that excellent *poulet de Bresse?* Who can resist still another portion of that delicious pudding? Simply no one can. No one does. And no one minds.

The morning roll soon becomes two, and the advance to three is by a natural and harmless process. I once saw a boy eat seven. Of course, he was only a boy—but seven!

Perhaps it is at the fancy dress ball that the beneficial effect of Alpine air upon the human outlook is seen to its best advantage. Almost it seems that there is nothing in the world so important as a fancy dress ball. The man who has brought all his great faculties to bear upon some urgent and difficult business proposition and the woman who has spent days elucidating some enigma of domestic economy may here be seen devoting the same, if not greater, energy to the invention and creation of a fancy dress. And in consequence, it is safe to say that nowhere are more excellent or ingenious fancy dresses seen than

"The flying bobsleigh"

at these balls, nor are any more amusing. Last year I saw a special prize won by the most comical cow I have ever set eyes on.

The forequarters were composed of a home-made cow's head and an Irish judge, while the remainder was made up of several coats and one of London's feminine leaders of Society.

Of the steer-wrestling display, in which the steer was enacted by a distinguished doctor wrapped up in chamois skins, I will say nothing. It is almost too good to relate but not too good to be quite true.

Of the sports, one will naturally place ski-ing first, not only because of the enormous number of people who yearly embrace the sport for ever, but because of the wonderful thrills it provides to those who indulge in it and to those who merely watch it.

A ski race is probably the most exciting race in the world to watch. Its speed and uncertainty up to the last moment make it quite supreme among the racing sports.

Even the beginner, with only three days' practice behind him, will tell you there is nothing like it for sheer thrill.

Imagine a spacious and entrancing landscape stretched out before you, covered with snow, dotted with fir trees, undulating towards the valley 2,000 feet below in an alternating series of gentle and steep slopes. Imagine starting off sliding towards the valley. Sometimes the pace is gentle, now terrific, while a great spray of crystal snow is thrown up behind to shimmer in the sun with all the colours of the spectrum. The impression of speed is enormous. The keen air hisses past your ears, you tingle all over, and life seems very well worth living. Now and again a harmless tumble on the soft snow punctuates the different stages of the course, while the more expert runners, deftly turning and swinging, steer an uninterrupted course among the trees, the gullies and rises.

"The merry cur-r-r-lers at their game"

If you can't eat a giant's tea after that, then you never will.

And what about the skating, on perfect ice, amid gorgeous surroundings of wood and peak and silver snow, to the accompaniment of a good band?

Hear the merry cur-r-r-lers at their game. Sooping it up and sweeping with an energy which would shame their strongest housemaids. See round the bend the flying bobsleigh turn, shaming the motor cars in which they crawl about at home at a miserable fifty. Does anyone complain because there is no windscreen, or ask for another rug? It's quite unheard-of.

Hear the distant tingle of the bells on the sleigh horses as they bring another load from the station by day or whisk off a gay party to another hotel by night.

Joy is unconfined here, all right. Enough energy is acquired out here to carry one over the greater part of the year.

Now, what are you waiting for? Come along, my friend, and taste the most unadulterated of all joys, the most consummate of all blisses.

A. H. D'E.

Sport and General

HOCKEY AT ST. MORITZ

The combined Oxford and Cambridge teams photographed after the Inter-Varsity Ice Hockey match, which was held at the Kulm Stadium, St. Moritz. Cambridge won by 3 goals to nil

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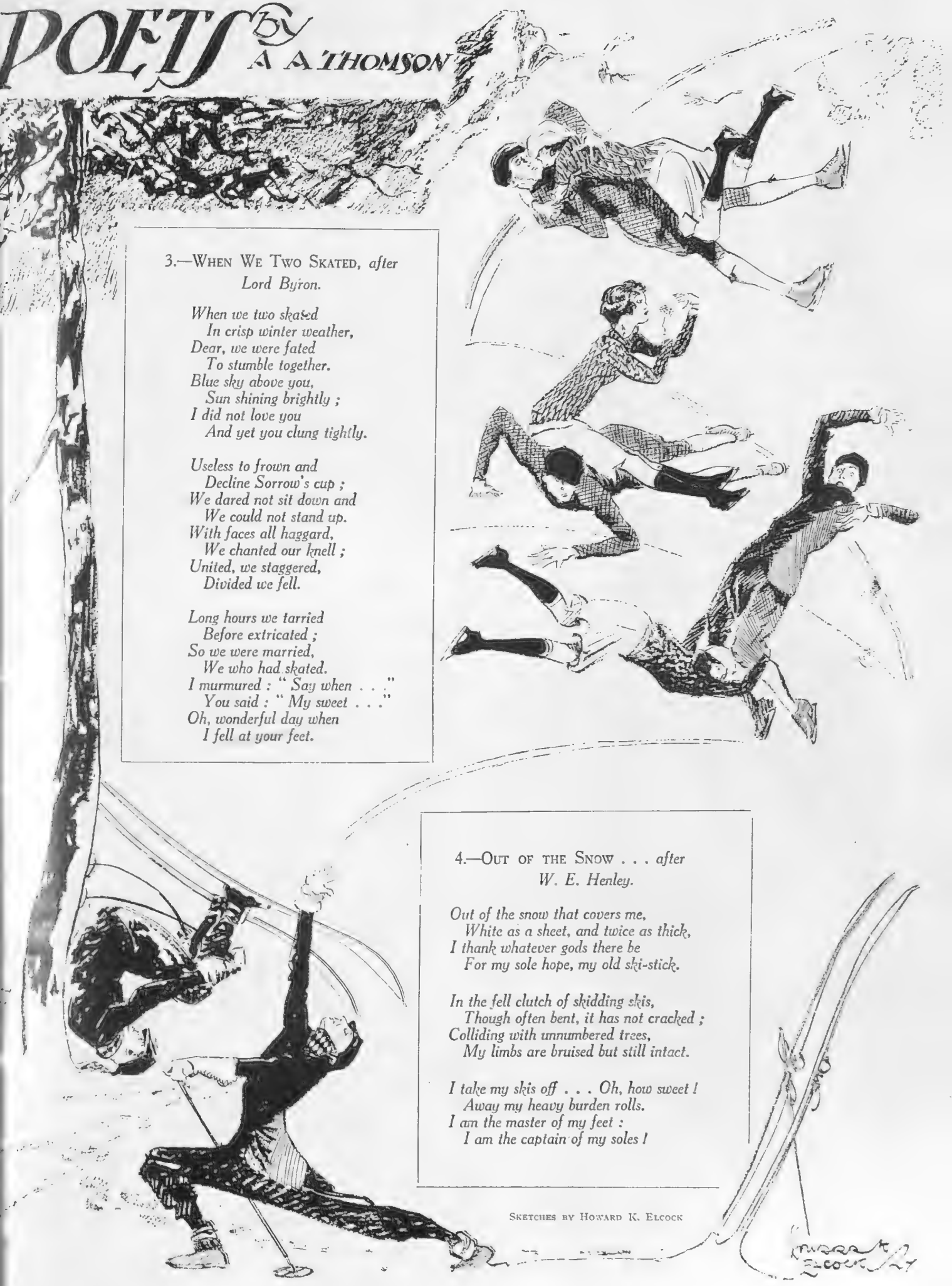
POETS

BY A. A. THOMSON



3.—When We Two Skated, *after Lord Byron.*

When we two skated
In crisp winter weather,
Dear, we were fated
To stumble together.
Blue sky above you,
Sun shining brightly ;
I did not love you
And yet you clung tightly.

Useless to frown and
Decline Sorrow's cup ;
We dared not sit down and
We could not stand up.
With faces all haggard,
We chanted our knell ;
United, we staggered,
Divided we fell.

Long hours we tarried
Before extricated ;
So we were married,
We who had skated.
I murmured : " Say when . . ."
You said : " My sweet . . ."
Oh, wonderful day when
I fell at your feet.

4.—Out of the Snow . . . *after W. E. Henley.*

Out of the snow that covers me,
White as a sheet, and twice as thick,
I thank whatever gods there be
For my sole hope, my old ski-stick.

In the fell clutch of skidding skis,
Though often bent, it has not cracked ;
Colliding with unnumbered trees,
My limbs are bruised but still intact.

I take my skis off . . . Oh, how sweet !
Away my heavy burden rolls.
I am the master of my feet :
I am the captain of my soles !

Sketches by Howard K. Elcock

La Vie Au Grand Air

News Illus.

MISS RINGWOOD and MR. GODSTONE

Alfieri

MAJOR and MRS. LARNACH NEVILL WITH THEIR SON and DAUGHTER

News Illus.

MR. LOCKER-LAMPSON and MISS BETTY LOCKER-LAMPSON

A RACING OCCASION

Some racing enthusiasts who turned out to witness the recent steeplechases at Gatwick

Topical

HUNTING FOLKS "OFF PARADE" AT CARLISLE

The Cumberland Centenary Hunt Ball was recently held at the Crown and Mitre Hotel, at Carlisle, where the photographer drew the Staircase Covert with marked success. The group includes Mr. and Mrs. C. Jackson, Captain and Mrs. E. T. Parker, Mr. C. Parry, Mrs. T. Siddle, Miss Hewlett, Miss Rollo, Mr. Burrows, Miss Featherstonehaugh Miss L. Fisher, and Miss Dixon

as Lived in England Now

A SURREY MEET *Sport and General*

The Worcester Park Beagles spare the photographer a moment before getting on with the day's work. This photograph was taken at the recent meet which was held at Harps Oak Merstham, Surrey

Sport and General

BEFORE THE RUN

Mrs. McGuire (left), the Hon. David Balfour, Lady Alice Scott, and Capt. Phipps discussing the coming hunting events at a meet of the Dumfries-shire. It was held at Castlemilk

British Illus

WITH THE LLANGIBBY

A group of enthusiasts at the recent meet of the Llangibby Hounds at Penthir, near Caerleon. The group includes Major Pemberton Steer, M.F.H., and Mrs. Pemberton Steer Major Leigh Stedall, D.S.O., Miss Pettifor and Mr. Homfrey Davies

PARISIANA

By "René"

Illustrations by MARCEL PONCIN

"Overwhelmed by stacks of visiting cards"

Mes Amis—

If there was one thing about which one would have felt confident in speaking on behalf of everybody, near and far, it was in saying that *tout le monde serait très content* to see the back of the year of gloom, 1926. For one concerned in mixing-in and gossiping about the lighter side of the *vie de Paris* the point seemed to be without the slightest possibility of question, as never has the lighter side of Paris life been so heavy and *sombre* as during those twelve months. Looking for spontaneous and sincere gaiety was like searching for sixpences in the gutters of Glasgow.

And now there are people who are telling us that their supreme desire is that 1927 may be as full of good things for them as 1926 was. *Quelle surprise, hein?* One man's meat being another man's poison is not in it with this. For they are entertainers of the public who are talking of the good time they have had, and if there was one department in which the atmosphere appeared to have attained the fullest density of depression it was that of the theatres. Yet here are Maurice Chevalier, Edmonde Guy and a dozen others declaring that 1926 was a wonderful year and that they would never ask for a better and brighter.

Chevalier, who appears to be a fountain of natural gaiety when on the stage, is reputed to be a sad man when he is not on parade, like so many more great comedians, so one might be inclined to think of paradox in his case. But Edmonde Guy and the others are not like that, and they evidently have good reason for being so contented. Their various performances must have enlivened them to a degree that did not attain the spectators, unable to escape from their shell of depression. Let us hope that in 1927 we shall be as inspirited by their *numeros* as they are themselves.

"Confined to Old Maid"

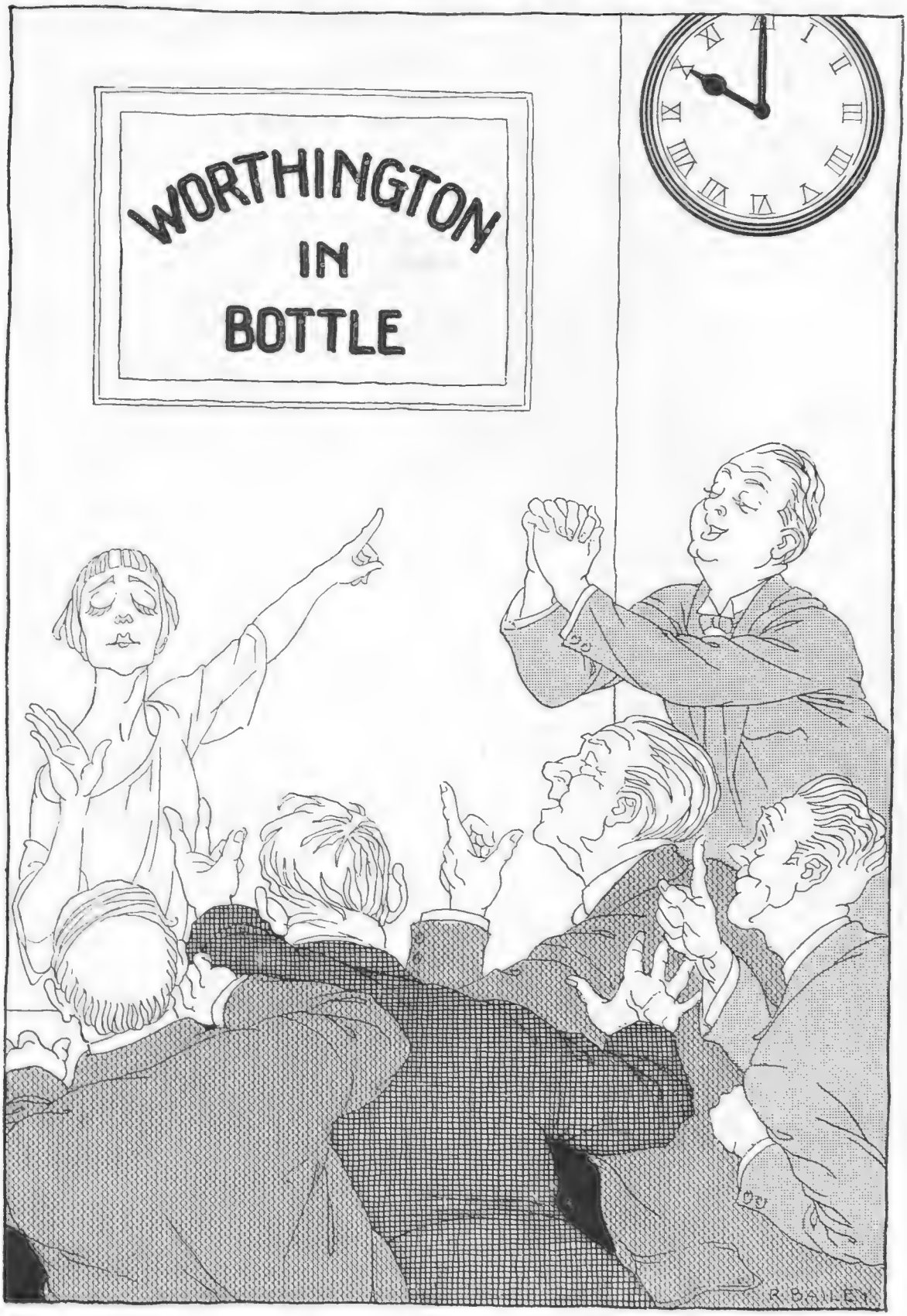
As for Parisians generally, their feelings as 1926 slunk out were betrayed in a most peculiar form—by the absence of activity at the post office. Normally, in the last days of the year, you can count on all postal communications being about three days late as the *facteurs* are overwhelmed by stacks of visiting cards on which beautiful phrases spread far and wide hopes of *bonne année* and *bonne santé,* mostly represented nowadays by a *coup de Bourse* and a villa, *avec confort moderne* in the Esterel. But on this occasion letters were right on time. Card-exchanging had been almost cut out. However, let us banish the grisly past. Baccarat players assure me that 1927 is bound to be a lucky year. This is due to some combination of nines which is beyond me, my only skill at cards being confined to Old Maid.

My knowledge of card combinations is just about equal, apparently, to the Venezuelans' knowledge of treating—I suppose one ought to say ill-treating—wines. They nearly drove our dear friend Gaston Gerard into an asylum through unbearable mental anguish. Gaston Gerard is the *maire* of Dijon and, as you know, Dijon is the gourmets' capital of France, with an annual gastronomic fair that brings men with fine palates from Petropavlovsk, Peru, and Purley. To do the wrong thing with food or drink, therefore, in the presence of the godfather of the gourmets is like paying a formal call on the Protocol in a bowler hat and a claw-hammer.

Yet when the Venezuelans offered a *grand banquet* in honour of M. Gerard, who was doing a bit of useful propaganda work for the juice of the vine out there, they contrived to stumble on the most exquisite form of torture which could possibly have been invented. There still remained in the country

(*Continued on page* 132.)

Play Titles bottled by Worthington



"LADY, BE GOOD"

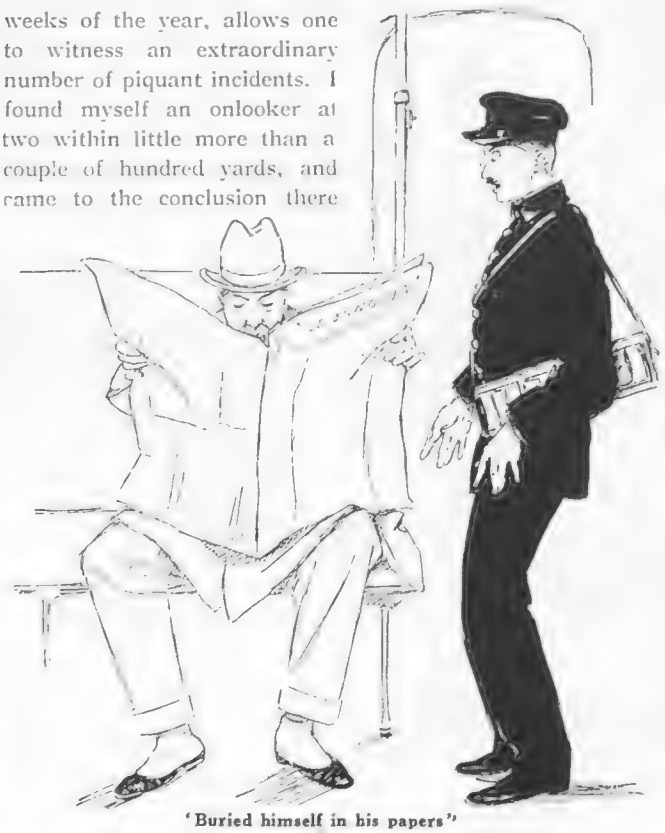
one bottle of the famous Chambertin 1869, which had been piously conserved through all the revolutions, and this was sacrificed in his honour. The homage was not only delicate but great. But they were unfortunately under the impression that Burgundy should be served *frappé* like champagne, and they placed it before him in a bucket of ice!

M. Gerard was itching to tell them what a crime they were committing. Yet he did not wish to hurt their feelings. So far as his own portion was concerned, he tried to restore the lost life by clasping his hands round the glass, but before warmth was obtained he had to drink in honour of the toasts. The trumpeter of thrice-blessed Burgundy still shudders as he tells how he had to pronounce the wine *adorable*, though to him it "tasted of the grave."

A stroll along the *grands boulevards*, nominally to see what sort of novelties can be bought at the *petites baraques* which occupy half the sidewalk for the first two or three weeks of the year, allows one to witness an extraordinary number of piquant incidents. I found myself an onlooker at two within little more than a couple of hundred yards, and came to the conclusion there was good entertainment to be met with in this promenade every night.

"And carried the pile to the first taxi-cab"

In the first instance the *baraque* contained an elderly bookseller who was offering bargain lots which included volumes bearing the signatures of authors now illustrious. The bookseller was calling out the names when a man among the crowd, unknown to most of them, but whose face was familiar to those of us who see *Académiciens* at official ceremonies, appeared to shiver. "Have you many volumes of M. X?" he asked, mentioning his own name. "About thirty," answered the old dealer. "What's your price?" was the next question. "Oh, the price of the paper, that is, a franc a copy." The Academician gave him thirty francs and carried the pile to the first taxi-cab. He seemed highly contented that his market would no longer be spoiled in such a disagreeable manner. Few Academicians are best-sellers.



'Buried himself in his papers"

The other incident concerned a Parisian who was somewhat inebriated, an uncommon sight on the boulevards. He had been attracted by a lottery where the principal prizes were bottles of liqueurs, the colours of which were an irresistible fascination. At the end of six tries he had won three times, and he called gleefully for three bottles. But it needs at least ten wins to secure one bottle of liqueur, and all that the jovial one was entitled to was three barley-sugar sticks. When these were handed over he lost his hilarity, yet as he ambled away grunting it was noticed that he was nibbling one.

It is some little time since there was an addition to the periodical little stories about the absent-mindedness of M. Painlevé, the War Minister, but the latest one has just arrived. M. Painlevé was travelling in a 'bus—these are economical days even for Ministers—which was nearing the Bastille when he asked for the Place de la Republique. "Oh, you are turning your back on it," said the conductor, "you ought to be travelling in the 'bus in the opposite direction." Immediately M. Painlevé changed to a seat facing the other way and again buried himself in his papers. He is believed to have reached his destination in the end, though, but it needed a return fare.

René.

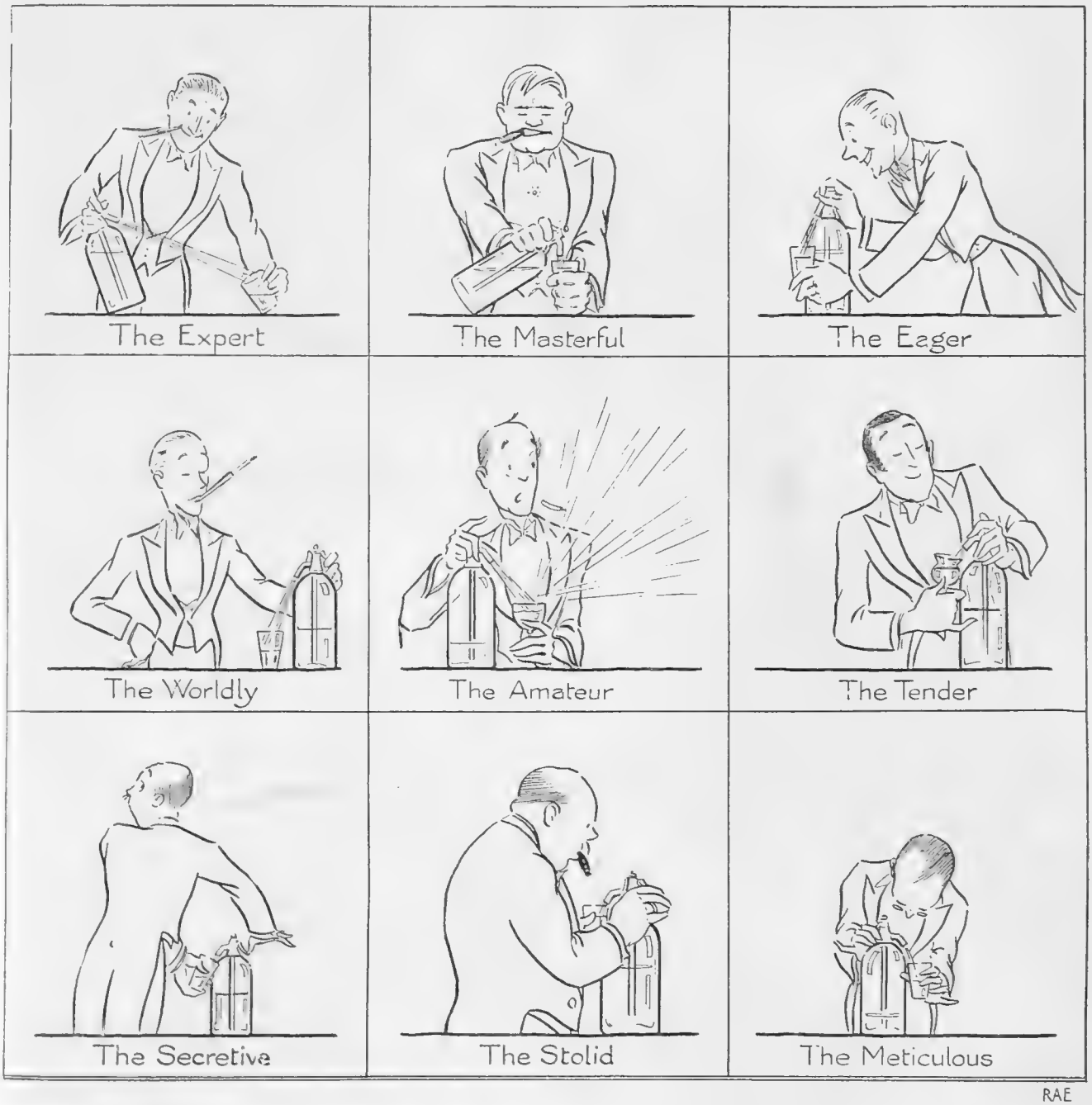
THE SKI GIRL

The Ski Girl, in the shining snow,
Is rather dangerous to know.
Observe her cheerfully embark
Upon the mystic Telemark.

Her bodyguard of brave young men
Are used as cushions now and then.
They only gasp; they don't complain,
But struggle up and start again.

G. D. Martineau

Man and his Syphon



Schweppes
SODA WATER

—for every man in every mood—

Also—TONIC WATER · GINGER ALE · GINGER BEER
DEVONSHIRE CYDER · LEMON SQUASH · · · ·

WILLS

The Riviera Week by Week

By DOUGLAS W. THORBURN

ROYALTY ON HOLIDAY *L.N.A.*

The King of the Belgians photographed on his way to the golf course at Valescure. Miss Betty Fellows (left), Mr. John Marshall, Miss Marshall, Mr. F. Fellows, and H.M. The King of the Belgians

IN THE SUNSHINE *Hal Linden*

H.R.H. Princess Louise chatting with friends on the Riviera. She is staying at Cap Ferrat to be near her brother, the Duke of Connaught, whose villa is quite close by

RESIDENTS and visitors alike keep saying each morning that this glorious weather is too good to last, but still the sun continues to shine daily, as it has done, with rare and very brief intervals, since the beginning of December. Tennis, golf, polo, yachting, and even swimming go on gaily without interruption, and our winter climate was never more highly appreciated than it has been this season. Prince Henry was able to return to London with a story of brilliant sunny days and a most enjoyable December holiday. Mr. Lloyd George saw no clouds on the Riviera during his visit to Valescure—whatever he may have observed on the political horizon—and is trying to arrange another and longer visit towards the end of March if he possibly can; while the King and Queen of the Belgians are revelling in the fresh air in a way they would find impossible in their own country in January. They are living in most informal style at Valescure, playing golf, enjoying long walks and excursions by car in the finely wooded country around that peaceful spot, and a few days ago they paid an extended visit to the French aviation centre at St. Raphael and went for a long flight along the whole Riviera coastline in a giant seaplane on a perfectly calm and cloudless morning.

ANOTHER of our many notable visitors has been M. Briand, who suddenly decided to leave Paris by car for a short holiday by the Mediterranean, thereby setting all the politicians in Paris speculating as to what had really induced this somewhat mysterious and hasty departure. And while the daily Press announced, with many circumstantial details, that he had arrived at the picturesque mediæval mountain village of Eze to spend ten days at a villa which had been placed at his disposal by M. Poincaire—who, incidentally, has no villa at Eze—M. Briand was actually staying with his old friend M. Clement-Bayard, of airship and automobile renown, at his villa on the Croix-des-Gardes at Cannes, formerly the home of the late chairman of the Goldsmiths' and Silversmiths' Company, of Regent Street, and adjoining the beautiful estate of Margaret Lady Waterlow. M. Briand went for a cruise one morning on a sea at least as calm as the Serpentine on a summer's day, but with much more colour in it, and was so enchanted with his experience that I hear he is negotiating for the purchase of a small sailing boat which he proposes to keep at Cannes—which indicates that the French statesman intends to come South again before very long. The local Syndicats d'Iniative have been asking lately for a new advertising slogan for the Riviera, and I think I would suggest for a start, "They All Come Again."

AT THE "NINETEENTH" *Topical*

Sir Laming Worthington-Evans (left) and Lord Derby before playing a round of golf. The photograph was taken outside the club house at Mandelieu

IT was hardly to be expected that the Riviera would entirely escape the prevailing epidemic of influenza which has swept over France and several other countries, but here it has, fortunately, not been of a very severe type. Practically the whole household of the Duke of Connaught at Cap Ferrat has been laid up with it, which was most embarrassing and inconvenient, but His Royal Highness is in particularly good form just now—in spite of the persistent and very annoying reports to the contrary which have been circulated, and both he and his friend, Major Berkeley Levett, escaped the *grippe*.

AMONG those residents who were victims was Mr. W. J. Locke, who was seriously ill for a time and had to miss the very cheery big dinner-party which Mrs. Locke gave at the Carlton in honour of the engagement of her pretty niece, Miss Graciella Whitty, and Mr. John Mowbray Stewart, generally known at Cambridge as "Bobs," the elder son of Mr. Harold Stewart, of Jersey, the famous pioneer of the Malay States rubber industry, and Mrs. Stewart. Luckily our popular novelist is

Sport and General

OVER THE "STYX"

A party including Sir Laming Worthington-Evans "aboard the lugger" during a round of golf at Mandelieu. They are crossing to the third tee

OVER THE TOP *P. and A.*

Four holiday-makers who found it impossible to resist the call of the sparkling sea at Cannes. January bathing is no unusual thing on the sunny Riviera

now progressing satisfactorily, to the relief of a wide circle of friends and a wider circle of readers and admirers.

SPEAKING of literary notabilities, I hear that Sir James Barrie is expected shortly on the Riviera, while Mr. Michael Arlen is already holiday-making at Monte Carlo and doing a little play-writing in his spare moments. Mr. H. G. Wells will probably be here in the near future at the country house on the hillside near Grasse which he acquired last spring.

PRINCE and Princess Nicholas of Greece, accompanied by their daughters, Princess Marina and Princess Elisabeth, have arrived at the Hotel des Anglais at Cannes, where Prince and Princess Paul of Serbia and Prince Alexandre are also guests. Royalties, as one envious visitor remarked, looking from a group of distinguished notabilities of this type to another little group of very prosperous authors, are extremely plentiful on the Riviera!

THE theatrical world is well enough represented, for we have staying at the Carlton Sir Alfred and Lady Butt, Mr. and Mrs. Milton Bode, and Mr. Archie Selwyn, and Sir Alfred, who is reported to have cleared half a million francs at *baccarat* since his arrival, is certainly looking very pleased with life and would like to prolong his stay indefinitely, provided he could also prolong his run of luck. Another very popular visitor from the footlights of the West End is Miss Faith Celli, who is staying with Mrs. Henry Osler at her villa near Golfe Juan, and who was looking very charming at the big dance organised at the Villa Kasbeck by Countess Torby, at which everyone of note turned up, by way of supporting the Franco-Russian charities.

MANY big liners are now calling at Villefranche or Monaco, and one which is making a world tour and will be putting in next week is the Hamburg-American liner "Resolute," which will call with 375 passengers, who will disembark and find a fleet of a hundred cars waiting to take them off right away for a long excursion along the coast.

DOUGLAS W. THORBURN.

Topical

"SET" DETERMINATION

The Rajah of Pudakota engaged in a serious set of singles. The photograph was taken on the courts of the Carlton Club at Cannes

A GOLFING OCCASION *Sport and General*

A group of devotees of the "royal and ancient" game enjoying a rest on the Mandelieu course. The photograph includes Miss Joy Winn and Mr. and Mrs. E. Hill

ARE WE GROWING UP?

By Blanchette *Illustrations by HELEN McKIE*

Bridge fiends

LONDON, *January* 17.

DEAR COUSIN—

Is life changing, I wonder, as Mr. H. G. Wells declares? Says, he does, that we're always doing it, but never quite so rapidly as now, or words to that effect. Positively getting more different every day, the world is, and quite a new sort of phase or development coming on, too. In fact and in short, it seems, we're growing up, so to speak, and moving along all the time steadily, shoulder to shoulder, to a graver and maturer life—oh, help!

卐

WHAT a terrible prospect, what? When (says he) we're passing on to a state of human society in which the average man and woman will be of riper years . . . a community of grown-up people . . . a world with a different and probably a graver emotional tone, with an art and a literature much less obsessed by the love story . . . *Mon Dieu*—and hearken also to what one of our perfectly good Canons prophesieth. A smokeless England, *he* says, smaller and more healthy population, with Canada or somewhere ruling the Empire—no war, disease or poverty, also no great art or poetry. In fact, he admits, not a merry England, and a rather dull if healthy world

卐

ODDISH life it'd be, though, if we did any time soon find ourselves getting all solemn and sanitary as they make out—healthy and "grave and mature," and not so much obsession with the love story, and all that kind of thing. Sounds rather like a sort of Socialist Ideal, doth not it? with Mr. Sidney Webb gazing benevolently and beardedly on, and all the bad capitalists (except, of course, Mr. Wells, and Mr. Bernard Shaw, and Mr. Oswald Mosley, and suchlike) cut down to a paltry but adequate £1,000 a year or so. And all the frivolous and useless things washed out, I suppose, like dancing (except the Morris kind) and revues and late a.m. parties, where you fry your kipper over the street-watchman's fire, and, of course, cabarets.

卐

HOW some people do seem rather to hate to see one enjoying oneself, don't they? Unless, of course, it's a monster tea for the tenants or bun feast for the Best Mothers in the Diocese that they're beneficently running, or community singing, or something respectable, but not too terribly exciting like that. But all the same and spite of all the prophets, don't somehow see this aforesaid millennium of healthy dullness approaching any *too* dangerously near just for the moment, what? And even have hopes that some, at any rate, of the world and us'll be able to stave off for a while that above-mentioned highly sensible and horrid process of growing up.

卐

SUCH lots of things they'd have to remove and abolish, these solemn ones, if they think we're ever going to abandon our present ways and go in for the graver and maturer life. Dancing, for one—and especially, of course, the Charleston—which, after all, *is* dancing just now, or at any rate, at least, half of it, if not more. And whereto must confess myself at last and at length quite converted . . . now the flat one's here, and no more that fearful ankle-twisting-and-kicking affair that was with us for a space and is even yet to be seen in places—on the stage, f'rinstance, or at shows like the Charleston Ball, and even here and there, I daresay, in some of the remoter spots like Willesden and Cricklewood, and the like.

"The Charleston *is* dancing"

QUITE one of the bright spots of life, you know, the Charleston's become, and even in the remotest villages quite knocked out the wireless—especially since the new B.B.C.'s got so terribly solemn and started treating us to discourses on Where Flies Go in Wintertime, and The Moral Influence of the Drama, or words to that effect. Additional advantage thereof being that the steps don't so frightfully matter s'long as you keep the rhythm all right—in fact, between you and me, no one really *does* know quite what the steps *are*, which makes it all the more amusing, because you can invent your own as you go along. And in many of the homes of England to-day, aye, and in offices and yea, yet furthermore, in shops and Tubes and public

"The Flu Fiend has been devastating our ranks"

A TOAST

A good word for the sage who professes
To shine in scholastic successes ;
And a good word for me
With a 'B A' degree
Which finishes up with two SS !

BASS

the man's drink

TRADE MARK

A GOOD WORD FOR EVERYBODY

BV.7.

streets you'll see the enthusiasts absolutely chucking their limbs about trying to devise something rather extra special in the Charleston way that's also their very own.

So much more cheerful, too, than being a (female) bridge fiend, like some of the kind at women's clubs which a specialist has been denouncing. Says they're a physical and moral menace, or words to that import, and altogether not all pleasing people or the kind that are nice to know. (Though, of course, who *is*, when all the denouncers have had their little say, but that's by the way.) And *the* very best cure and precaution, I'm sure, dancing is, against that foul 'Flu Fiend that's been devastating our ranks just lately and made us envy even yet more, if 'twere possible, those fortunate ones who are out of all the murk and fog and things, and gaily ski-ing and skating and bobbing in the crystal-clear and germless air of St. Moritz, or Mürren, or Grindelwald, as the case may be. Though wait a bit . . . already the 'flu's so swept Geneva that they've shut all the dance halls there, so perchance even *they're* not utterly and entirely safe. Though can hardly b'lieve there breathes even a microbe with soul quite so dead that he'd be of *much* use for gloom purps. at 5,000ft. up and thermon. 30 degrees down under that brilliant sun and deep blue sky.

Anyway even all of *us* aren't quite absolutely done in yet, though the Tubes and things don't seem half so overcrowded as usual somehow, owing doubtless to about 20 per cent. or so being in bed instead, accompanied by H.W.B. (hot water bottle, of course, I mean). *E.g.* and *par exemple*—among the survivors, I mean—Margot, who's still very much alive and anything but *couchante*, and's writing, *on dit*, yet another book—a novel this time. Also Dean Inge and Mr. Cook and Mr. Cochran, all whereof it'd take much more than a mere germ to suppress, methinks, not to mention M.P.s, who've all wisely fled sunshine-wards, including the Liberal Party, who I hear are fearfully busy winter-sporting at Pontresina or somewhere—all three of 'em.

"Fry your kipper over the street watchman's fire"

I know there's just some few people left in lil' ole London still, too, spite of all counter-attractions of snow and sunshine, 'cos why? Because, for one thing, of a lil' visit I paid to the *Blackbirds* at the well-known Pavilion or Pav. the other night, when they were having a first night or second one, or something, and the place, believe me, was packed, as they say, to the very doors. And wellnigh uproarious applause there was for Florence Mills and the rest of the not-so-dusky company, and frightfully cleverly they do dance, too, and occasionally sing. Though must say, meseems, there's *rather* a touch of sameness about it all, and just a bit like seeing a terribly good music hall turn going on for a couple of hours or more. And, oh my dear, the band—such a good band, but it doesn't ever let you forget it's there. Still, all a rattling good show, as the saying is.

Had such a nice electric dinner before I went there, too, at the new Tricity Restaurant that's in Savoy Street just on the Strand, you know. Yes, really electric, because all the cooking's done that way, and very nice, too, and the rooms are warmed and nicely and softly lighted by electricity, and they even use it to help you light your cigarette—which, methinks, is something rather new. Likewise for ventilating and cleaning things and keeping them cold as well as hot . . . it is sure some marvel.

With love,

Yours ever,

Blanchette.

"ALL TOGETHER, NOW" *Stage Photo Co.*

Miss Dorothy Dickson, the leading lady in "Tip-Toes" at the Winter Garden Theatre, runs over one of her numbers with her two pianists, Messrs. Jack Clarke and George Middleton. "Tip-Toes" reached its 150th performance last Saturday

"Ovaltine does me a great deal of good"

JOHN BARRYMORE

Mr. John Barrymore writes:

"There can be no doubt about 'Ovaltine.' I have taken it now for some considerable time, and I am sure it does me a great deal of good. As a consequence, I have recommended it to several of my friends."

Modern conditions of life wear away the cells and tissues of the nerves and body at a greater rate than the nourishment obtained from your ordinary dietary can restore them. That is why you get run-down, nervy and easily exhausted.

By making "Ovaltine" your daily beverage you can be sure that your nerves and body will receive all the restorative material they need. For this delicious and easily digested food beverage is supremely rich in all those vital food essentials which rebuild the nerves and create reserves of health and vitality.

The rich nourishment extracted from malt, milk, eggs and cocoa—Nature's Tonic Foods—is so highly concentrated in "Ovaltine" that one cup of this delicious beverage supplies more nourishment than three eggs. It contains no preservatives.

Whenever you feel tired, nervy or worried, "Ovaltine" will restore and invigorate. Taken just before retiring it will ensure sound, restful sleep.

OVALTINE

TONIC FOOD BEVERAGE

Builds-up Brain, Nerve and Body

Obtainable throughout the British Empire

Prices in Great Britain, 1/6, 2/6 and 4/6 per tin.

P. 413

RACING NOTIONS

By "CARBINE"

By "The Tout"

CAPT. R. E. SASSOON

Who has come to the fore as an amateur rider since the beginning of the jumping season. His "string" is trained by Teddy Martin, at Ogbourne

The Case of Silvo

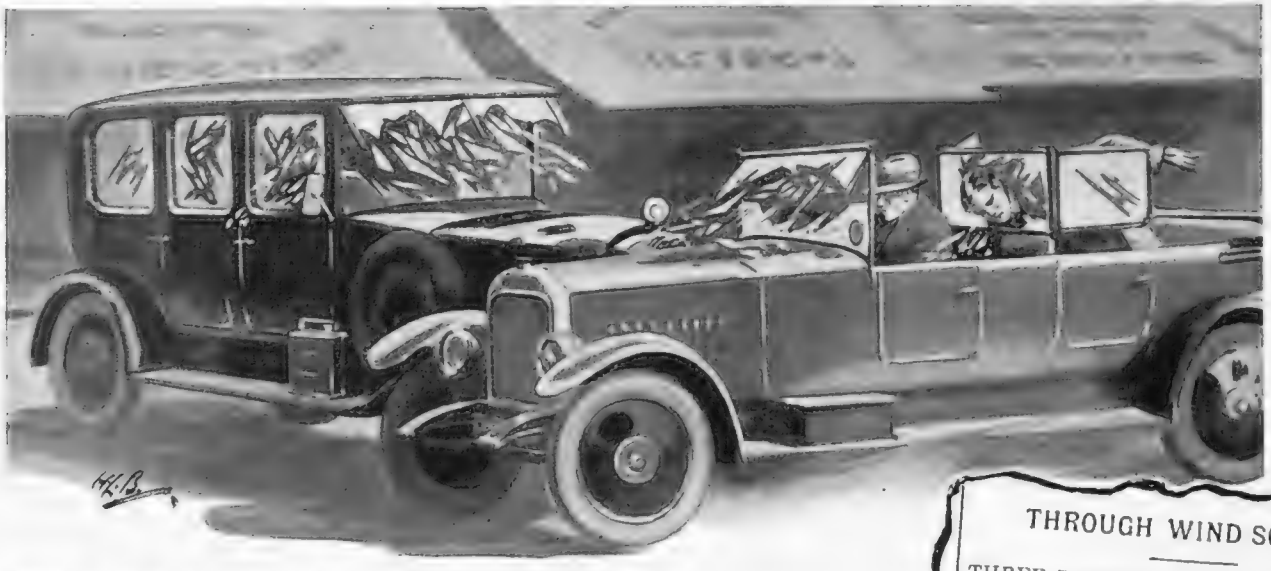
It came as a bit of a surprise when the Grand National entries were published last week to find that Silvo did not appear among them. That the horse has been under a cloud for some time was generally known; in fact, nothing has been seen of him in public since his ill-starred effort in the Grand National last season. Still, he has been nominated for several minor races during the next few weeks, and he appears to be doing regular work with Percy Whitaker's team. Thus the inference is that Silvo is tolerably sound again. Mr. W. H. Midwood has entered him for the Lancashire Steeplechase, which is to be run at Manchester a few weeks after the Grand National. I am wondering why he left him out of the bigger race, because when he bid 10,500 guineas for Silvo at the memorable Newmarket sale his chief object was to win the Grand National with him.

Disappointing

There will be a good deal of disappointment that Silvo is not to be given another chance of adding his name to the list of National winners. The fact that the horse fell at the first fence last season should not in itself be a discouragement to running him in the race again. He is by no means the only first-class performer who has come to grief at the initial fence at Aintree, where there is always more or less a scramble and horses frequently become unsighted. With the exception of the omission of Mr. Midwood's crack, there is no fault to be found with the National entry. The race holds an unique position among steeplechasing. In point of value it excels every other jumping event to a vast extent. I am not sure that this fact is altogether an advantage. It means that many owners and trainers sink nearly every other consideration in order to have their horses just right for the Grand National.

Big Aintree Fields

It was thought that when the cost of running a horse in the Grand National was appreciably increased a few years ago, it would have the effect of thinning the field. This, however, has not been the result of that innovation. Last season there were no fewer than thirty competitors, and the chances are that the field will be even bigger this time. It was satisfactory to see as many as fourteen horses get round last year. This was probably one of the results of a notable improvement in the course. I refer to the additional outlets provided for riderless horses. In the old days a great deal of mischief was caused by animals continuing in the race without their jockeys. This trouble was not nearly so noticeable last season. Nearly all the animals which succeeded in getting round on that occasion have been entered again. I always like to take a horse on my side in this race who has already displayed his ability for staying and jumping the country. Admittedly this does not always work out well. Occasionally the race is won by a horse who has never seen the Aintree fences before.



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EXTRACT from *The Yorkshire Evening Post.*

THROUGH WIND SCREEN.

THREE PEOPLE HURT IN A COLLISION AT MENSTON.

Three people were hurt in a motor car collision on the Bradford Road at Menston

Mr. Henry B. S [redacted], of Silver Hill Avenue, Bradford Moor, accompanied by his wife and mother-in-law, Mrs [redacted], of 7, [redacted], Bradford, was turning to enter a garage when he collided with a large car, driven by Mr John [redacted], of Odsal

Mr [redacted] car was badly damaged and Mrs. [redacted] was cut on the cheek and Mrs. [redacted] was injured on the mouth Both suffered from shock.

Mr. Tom [redacted] of Buttershaw, near Bradford, who was travelling in Mr. [redacted] car, was thrown through the rear windscreen and was badly cut on the head and suffered from concussion.

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HUNTING NOTES

By A. W. COATEN

Hounds and Foxes

ALTHOUGH this has been a decidedly enjoyable season up to the present for the average rider to hounds, it is questionable whether it will be regarded as an ideal winter by huntsmen, many of whom judge the quality of the season by the number of foxes they have accounted for. I find the majority of huntsmen are complaining of the scenting conditions which have prevailed on the whole. This is, no doubt, due to the fact that since the opening fortnight of November the weather has been unusually mild and the rainfall much below its ordinary proportion at this time of the year. I notice that an industrious correspondent has been writing to the papers to suggest that hounds have not been killing the usual number of foxes this winter. Having added up the total number of hunts recorded in the Press, he declares that fewer runs than usual have resulted in blood. If this is true, the real reason is the moderate scent which has prevailed on the majority of hunting days.

Now and Then

Is it implied by the correspondent to whom I have referred that hounds are not so good, and that huntsmen are not so clever as they were in the old days? This opens out a very big question on which there is a wide divergence of opinion. I remember some years ago asking two famous M.F.H.s of vast experience whether they considered that foxhunting was as good as it was in their early days. I was interested to discover that their views were diametrically opposed. "Hounds are faster and fitter," said one, "than they were in our grandfathers' time, and therefore a fox is sooner burst up if hounds get away on his track on a good scenting day. It is accordingly not the fox that had deteriorated but the hound that has improved."

A Contrary View

THE other M.F.H. to whom I put this interesting question said: "Speaking for my own country, I do not hesitate to say that sport in it is far inferior to what it was thirty years ago. The foxes do not make such good points." He complained that in the best part in his open hill country no outlying fox was allowed to live in the interest of partridge preserving and partridge driving. "As so many of the owners and occupiers of the large coverts do not hunt," he proceeded, "and close their coverts to hounds in the early part of the season, it is only due to the large extent of my country that in November and December I am able to hunt three days a week. The foxes in the big woods do not get hunted sufficiently in the early part of the season to scatter them about the country." It must be borne in mind that the conditions complained of by this M.F.H. do not necessarily apply to every country and certainly not to those in which shooting interests are unimportant. Still, the statement I have given may help to throw light on the difficulties with which modern foxhunting has to contend.

Quality of Sport

A THIRD notable Master of Hounds expressed the opinion that sport is not so good as it was in days of yore. "Many more people," he said, "follow hounds than ever did so before, and probably the horses in the fashionable countries are as good as, or better than, they were formerly. But I think the sport was better fifty years ago, and certainly there were more good runs than is the case nowadays." When such experienced foxhunters as those I have quoted differ so completely in their views on the improvement or the decadence of the sport, the average rider to hounds may well be bewildered. The difficulty is to find which line of opinion is correct. Happily there are still plenty of sparkling hunts to be enjoyed in most countries. Last week, for example, the Pytchley people could not complain of the splendid sport which followed the time-honoured fixture at Crick, and on the same afternoon the Hertfordshire Hounds had a great hunt lasting an hour and forty-five minutes in which a point of nine miles was made! The Cotswold, too, made a seven-mile point in an hour and twenty minutes.

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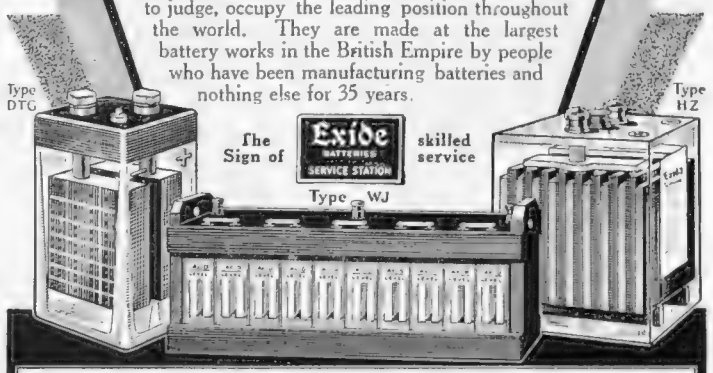

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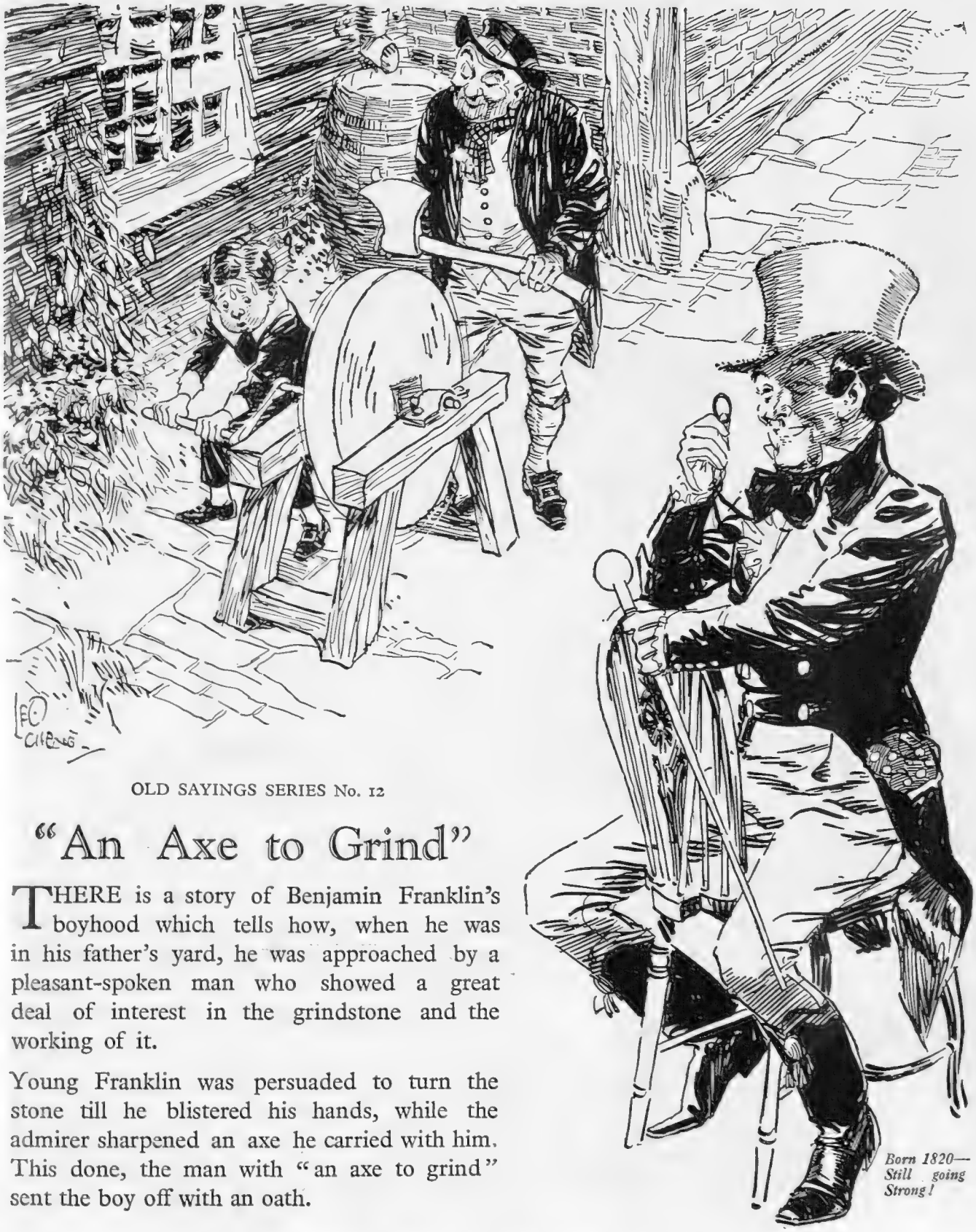

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THERE is a story of Benjamin Franklin's boyhood which tells how, when he was in his father's yard, he was approached by a pleasant-spoken man who showed a great deal of interest in the grindstone and the working of it.

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BYSTANDER BRIDGE

A NAVAL ENGAGEMENT

By A. E. MANNING FOSTER

A Naval Correspondent writes as follows:—

"I know people often run down 'Service Bridge.' Of course, Bridge in the Navy is bound to be a little temperamental, because, though it is often played, one rarely plays with the same partner. But "in spots" we are keen on it. A strange hand was dealt to a four recently. The calling was difficult, and also probably a little eccentric, and we should very much like to know your opinion of the bidding, and on the result.

"The hands fell like this—

	S—A. H—K, Q, J, 8, 6, 4. D—A, 10, 5, 4, 3. C—2.	
S—K, Q, J, 9, 8, 7, 6. H—A, 10, 9, 7, 5, 2. D—None. C—None.	Y A B Z	S—5, 4, 3. H—None. D—8, 6, 2. C—Q, 10, 9, 7, 5, 4, 3.
	S—10, 2. H—3. D—K, Q, J, 9, 7. C—A, K, J, 8, 6.	

"B was the dealer and the bidding went like this—

"B 'Two Clubs'; Z 'Double'; A 'Three Spades'; Y 'Three No Trumps'; B 'No bid'; Z 'No bid'; A 'Four Spades'; Y 'Double'; and the game was played by A in four Spades doubled. He went two down.

. . . . . .

"We know B shouldn't have opened his mouth at all. Z (who was myself) rued not calling Diamonds before the hand was played. Y regretted calling No Trumps in favour of Hearts, but would have been downed by A. Y would have backed Z in Diamonds, and we *might* have got five tricks. [Why not six?—A.E.M.F.]

"What's the answer? We would be very gratified indeed if you would give it us from your vast experience."

. . . . . .

This is certainly an interesting combination of cards. I am glad my correspondent condemns B's atrocious bid of "Two Clubs," for this was undoubtedly the worst bid of the lot. In my opinion the bidding should have gone as follows—B "No bid"; Z "One Diamond"; A "Three Spades"; Y "Four Diamonds"; B and Z "No bid"; A "Four Spades"; Y "Six Diamonds"; B and Z "No bid"; A "Five Spades"; Y "Double." All pass.

I admit it is an open question whether Z should bid initially "One Diamond" or "One Club" (presuming, of course, B has passed). But personally I favour "One Diamond." A with a two-suiter would be quite right to make a big pre-emptive bid in Spades. The only question is whether he should bid three or four at once. Y was quite wrong to bid No Trumps at all. He must either bid his Hearts, which were tempting, or support his partner's Diamonds. The right course is undoubtedly to support Diamonds.

The hands are freakish and therefore it is impossible to dogmatise as to correct bidding, but I certainly consider that if A had called "Five Spades" over "Six Diamonds" he would have been well justified on his peculiar holding unless Y had mentioned Hearts.

. . . . . .

I have received a long and learned letter from a reader in Edinburgh giving mathematical calculations to show that when a side holds nine of a suit, including Ace, King, Jack, it pays to play for the drop rather than the finesse. The advice I quoted from Mr. E. V. Shepard was to finesse on the second round. My correspondent states and claims to prove by figures that the practice of finessing on the second round represents not an advantage but a definite disadvantage of 78 in 1,794, equal to approximately $4\frac{1}{3}$ per cent.

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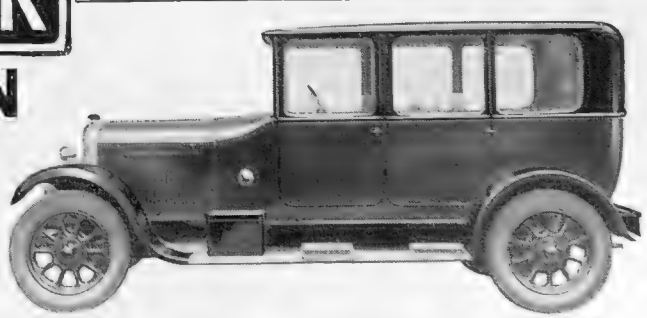


WHATEVER · THE · WEATHER — A · CAR · FOR · COMFORT

H.P.

A FAMILY FOURSOME *Hal Linden*

Four of the Marquess and Marchioness of Anglesey's daughters line up for the photographer. They are Lady Caroline Paget, Lady Elizabeth Paget, Lady Mary Paget, and Lady Rose Paget

FEMINA

THE WAY THINGS HAPPEN

By "CANDIDA"

THIS is the time of year when the entries in one's new diary fizzle out as if nothing at all ever happened after January the fifteenth. My new book in jade pigskin is not behaving any better than those that went before it. Last year's brown morocco began in the best diary manner, and, after January the twentieth, degenerated into a shopping list. I see no more records of people seen, functions criticised, books read, etc.; only three yards of yellow ribbon at eight and ninepence, brocade slippers (a bargain), thirty-five and sixpence, a hat, a scarf . . . And when I think of all that happened last year, and what I might have thought and said about it, I feel that diaries with their opportunities for "literature" are wasted on me. Not that they cater exactly for the expansive soul. There's something about ruled lines that discourages comment, even if one had the time for it, and the right sort of brain. My entries, such as they are, keep strictly to business. For instance: Jan. 10.—"Had tea at Claridge's with X, and discussed the cut of the breeches she's taking to St. Moritz. X says they do them differently every year, and one can't afford to be seen in last year's pattern because half the women don't ski. They just dance in them in the afternoon, which gives people time to sit up and take notice."

IT'S obvious that I fail as a "diarist," let's say. I haven't the touch. The true "diarist" bulks enormous in his own estimation, and, what's more important, has the knack of passing on the habit. Perhaps he is (it's mostly a he), or perhaps he isn't, writing it with a view to those memoirs and recollections which are such a success nowadays. Anyway, down it all goes: The shares he's bought at so much; and the play he's been to, and with whom; and how he's danced till morning, and where; and the books he's read, and why. It goes down just as it happened without any of the spice which actual living lacks when tackled in the present tense.

I THINK this is one reason why lots of women are bored with the diary habit. They've got too much artistic sense. Imagine the tedium of always keeping faith with oneself. Of writing down the boring things that actually happen, especially when a little improvement here and there would make all the difference! That remark, for instance, which one thought of just too late; it would have given point to a story that had none. The coincidence which all but happened, except for an hour or two. The romance that didn't come off. Such a bungler is life with its dropped threads and tangled motives. In real life there's nothing worse than to be reminded of facts when you're longing to hide your head in the pleasant sands of fiction. But the man who's kept a diary isn't having any. He foists on you all the details of the way it really happened. He's got chapter and verse. He keeps a diary and is proud of it. He is perfectly odious. To be a decent member of society it's best to know everything and to remember nothing. It's only the things that don't happen that are worth remembering. As for those that do . . .

FOR instance: Imagine little 1927 emerging out of space fresh, young, innocent and well-intentioned. He climbs into the aerial 'bus run by Father Time in his everlasting journey round the spheres. The time is Midnight, January 1, and the sound of "Auld Lang Synes" is too faint and far-off to bother anybody. "You've got all your paraphernalia?" Time asks as they're moving along. "Yes, thank you; it's here in my bag. But tell me, please, who is it intended for, this stuff they've given me?" "Who for? Why, for the world, of course." "The world, where is it?" "Down below you; men and women and people. You can't see them to-night because it's dark, but to-morrow you'll find them all right."

"I SEE," says the little year uncertainly. "In confidence you know, I'm awfully bored. I happened to look inside my bag. You can't imagine the horrors in it."

"Horrors! Nonsense. I suppose you mean wars and strikes and revolutions and earthquakes?"

"You seem to know all about it!"

"It's always been the same ever since I've been on the job. There's always a certain amount of rain and snow to give away, and accidents and influenza and divorces, and, of course, the other things you've mentioned. That's all settled up above, or down below, if you like."

"But," says the little year, "I'm new to it. How does one manage to send the right things to the right people?"

"You don't manage. You'll do as all the other years have done. Shut your eyes and shake the stuff out of your bag."

"Good Lord!" The little year is appalled. "I've got here a cataclysm that'll wipe out a whole population. You don't suggest that I'm to toss that down anywhere?"

"WELL, no." Time considers. "There are some rules you can go by. For instance: the earthquakes you can take to Japan; the strikes will do for England; the revolutions for South America, and the wars might go to China. But nothing prevents you from pleasing yourself. I've known some years that made it snow in May and gave us heat-waves in November. And the war part I remember has sometimes been dumped down in Europe instead of China. It's up to you to vary things a bit if you feel that way. You can please yourself."

"But I've got a conscience," poor little 1927 murmurs uneasily. "Besides I like method. What can I do?"

"What can you do? I've told you. Shut your eyes and shake the stuff out of your bag."

A Dam-ning Remark

BY STAN TERRY

FAIR CANADIAN (*at Hunt Ball*): "Say, do you hunt?"
CAPT. PLANTAGENET-JONES: "Ra-ther—the Belvoir"
FAIR CANADIAN: "Gee, that certainly does sound homelike, but I never guessed you had any over this side!"

ON PARADE!

THE NEW YEAR SHOWS

By "THE KENNELMAN"

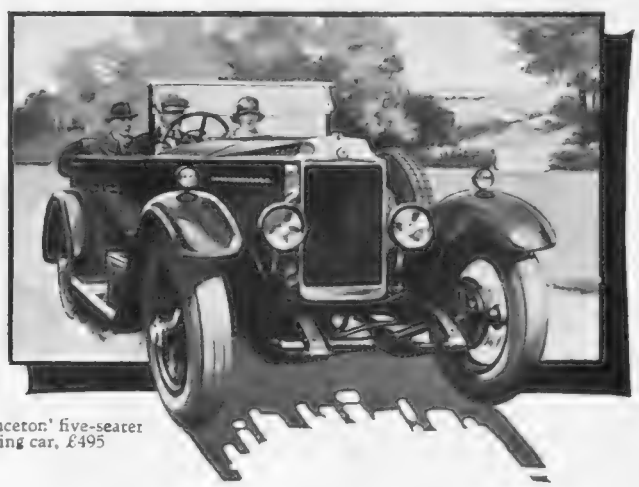
THE correspondent who complains that "there don't seem to be any Dog Shows at this time of year" is more than a little wide of the mark, for there are half a dozen fixed for to-day (Wednesday)—Manchester, the Crystal Palace, Marylebone, Kentish Town, and elsewhere—and others for pretty well every day this month. Next month will bring, among others, the biggest Show in the world as regards numbers of entries: Cruft's great international exhibition at the Agricultural Hall, with Dogs from every leading kennel in the Kingdom, and visitors from America and our own oversea Dominions, as well as from all parts of the Continent. It is a two-day event—February 9 and 10—and judging will continue during the whole of the first day, and probably part of the second. For this great annual parade the canine aristocrats of the day are now being drilled and prepared, and novice exhibitors will do well to remember that even the Dogs most perfect in points and condition cannot do themselves justice in the Show Ring without preliminary practice and tuition. It's a simple matter to mark out a square in garden or field and give the would-be champion ten minutes or so of daily drill on the lead—walking, trotting, standing to attention, etc.—and it would make all the difference on the day, for it is on his appearance and comportment in that critical hour, and not at any other, that he must be judged. Manners maketh the Dog, no less than the man. In these matters fanciers have made a good deal of progress since the War, but there's room for more of it, and even now many a fine young Dog is turned down in the Ring less from any qualities he lacks than from his exhibitor's neglect and carelessness.

Talking of post-War progress, there is justification for the belief that the reproduction of the unwanted mongrel is decreasing in direct ratio to the wonderful increase in worth-while pure-bred Dogs. Pre-War registrations of pedigree Dogs at the K.C. were about 18,000 in the year. Last year they reached 60,000; and even so there are owners of pedigree Dogs who foolishly neglect to register them, although that important duty costs only half a crown. Considerably more than a three hundred per cent. increase; and still the Kennel Club manages to worry through all its work in the same old offices, and with more of accuracy and dispatch than ever before. Pretty good staff work, that.

Requests for detailed veterinary advice continue to reach "The Kennelman." Such advice ought to be based on personal examination. Therefore, local professional attention should be obtained. Ninety per cent. of symptoms described suggest incorrect feeding, and some indicate a misguided tendency on the part of Dog-owners to regard drugs as helpful additions to everyday dietary—which they certainly are not. When Dogs show signs of gastric or liver trouble as wise a first step as any is a 24-hour fast, to be followed by several days of extremely spare diet of a rather sloppy nature, accompanied, perhaps, by mild doses of bismuth and soda. No food between meals; one square meal and one light snack per diem is the régime to keep a healthy Dog in health.

A reader declares the chief difficulty in canine education is human stupidity and bad manners; some of the worst offenders being those professedly most "fond of" Dogs, who carry infection by their accosting of strange Dogs in public, and transgress by offering them unsuitable things to eat!

14-40 VAUXHALL



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Pond's Extract Co. Dept. 20, 103 St. John St., E.C.1. will send, on receipt of 2d. in stamps for postage and packing, a sample tube of both Creams.

MOTOR NOTES

By GEORGE C. STEAD

READY FOR THE ROAD

A 21 h.p. six-cylinder six-seater Lanchester. It is an enclosed-drive three-quarter landaulet model

THE number of 1927 models to be seen on the road is really surprising, when one considers that these were first introduced at the Olympia Motor Exhibition. In all the large cities and towns are to be seen cars which are distinctively 1927. This indicates the very great demand which must exist for new models, as the present part of the year is usually considered a quiet one from the point of view of sales. Those manufacturers who had sufficient enterprise to put their 1927 models into production as soon as possible are now reaping the benefit, and when the season officially opens in the Spring it is more than probable that they will be unable to overtake their orders. Those who have not already done so, should make a point of placing their orders for the new models, particularly if they are of popular make.

***

A LONG time ago, when it was first introduced, I had the opportunity of a short run on the six-cylinder Bentley, and ever since I have been anxious to renew acquaintance over a more prolonged distance. The opportunity arose a few days ago, and as a result I spent a most enjoyable day in company with the "Big Six" and Mr. F. C. Clement. The new Bentley is a remarkably good car, and it is difficult to call to mind any other make which even resembles it in its running. The three-litre Bentley has a well-deserved reputation for high speed, and for semi-racing running. The "Big Six" cylinder has all the liveliness of the other model, but it also possesses a degree of refinement and smooth running which has hitherto been confined to the most luxurious of cars.

***

THE Bentley has a 6½-litre engine and is liable to an annual tax of £38. The engine incorporates many unique features of construction, such as two inlet valves, and two exhaust valves per cylinder, operated by an overhead camshaft driven by a special form of valve gear which is permanently silent in operation. The rest of the chassis is on straightforward lines and is chiefly noticeable for the large margin of strength allowed in every part. An inspection of the chassis produces a feeling of admiration, but it is when the car is tried on the road that the excellence of its performance is fully realised. It can, as a test, be started on top gear and the same gear can be employed for traffic running, and even for serious hill-climbing. The reserve of power of the engine is enormous, thus its control is delightfully easy. The lower gears are extremely useful if the driver is desirous of making use of the revolutions of the engine. A speed of 63 m.p.h. is possible on third, this giving an indication of a high speed of which the engine is capable. The "Big Six" Bentley is a car of luxury, silent in its operation and extremely comfortable under all conditions.

***

THE new all-weather hood equipment which is fitted exclusively to the open five-seater model of the 14-28 h.p. Standard for 1927 is very distinctive. Instead of the usual side screens pegged into place, this car has framed celluloid windows which can be instantly raised from, and lowered into, the doors and rear panels. They move in vertical guides which prevent rattle, exclude draughts, and provide variable ventilation. when the hood is folded down any or all of the door windows remain in position for use as side screens. To all intents the car is a folding top saloon, for it is difficult to conceive any arrangement, irrespective of cost, which would provide a nearer approach to saloon comfort, protection, and convenience, with all the benefits of an open car as well.

***

A NEW general sales manager has recently been appointed for Lagonda Cars, Ltd., in the person of Capt. Pearson, who has had very wide experience on the sales side of the motoring industry. With three such excellent cars as the 12-24 h.p., the 14-60 h.p., and the 16-65 h.p. six-cylinder, Capt. Pearson should find his task considerably simplified.

***

IN their search for greater safety on the various vehicles they use, the London Metropolitan Police are now standardising Triplex Glass on all their vehicles, which number several hundred.

***

C. C. WAKEFIELD AND CO., LTD., of Cheapside, London, E.C.2, manufacturers of the well-known Castrol motor oils, have been granted the Royal Warrant as purveyors of motor lubricating oil to H.M. the King.

***

THE growing popularity of British cars overseas is instanced by the fact that the Buenos Aires Great Southern Railway have recently accepted, against American offers, a tender for a large number of 15.9 h.p. Morris-Oxford models, and also for a number of Morris Commercial six-wheel trucks.

***

FOR the use of their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of York and suite in Australasia, nineteen Crossley six-cylinder cars have been shipped. Seven cars have been sent to Auckland, New Zealand, for that part of the tour, and twelve to Sydney, New South Wales, for the Australian section.

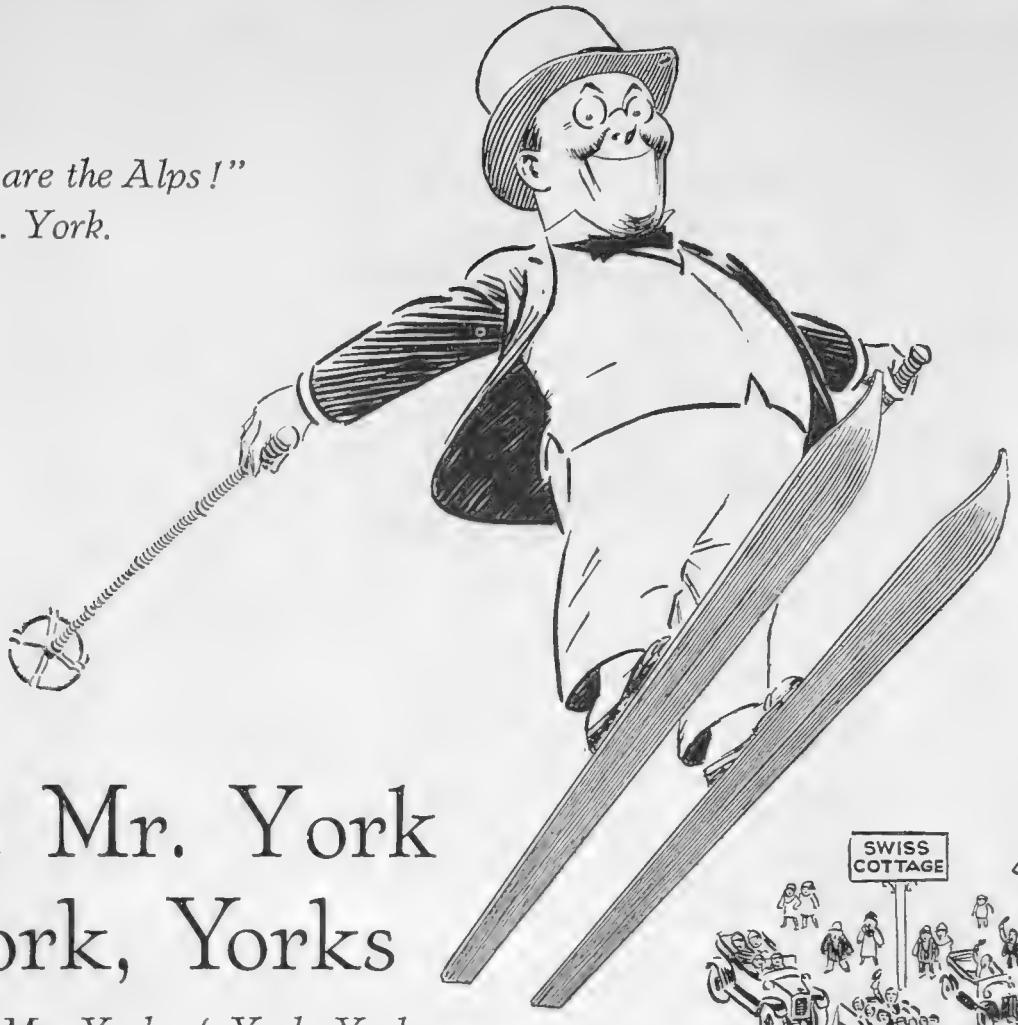
***

MISS VIOLETTE CORDERY will shortly be starting on an officially observed motor car tour of the world. After starting from London, the Invicta car will be driven through Holland, Belgium, Germany and France to Marseilles. After a sea voyage to Bombay the car will be driven across India to Calcutta. Subsequent parts of the itinerary include Ceylon, Australia, one or more of the South Sea Islands, Canada and the United States, and Northern Africa, concluding with an Alpine tour in France. This trial will be officially observed by the Royal Automobile Club.

FOR ANY WEATHER

The all-weather equipment fitted on a "Stratford" model five-seater Standard car. The drop windows and rigid cantrail hood afford freedom from draughts and variable ventilation

"So these are the Alps!" said Mr. York.



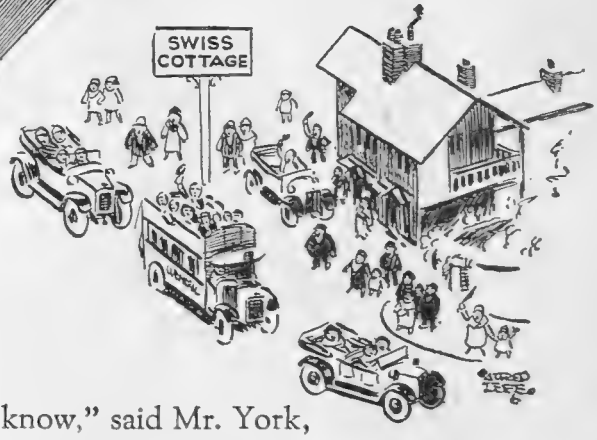
I'm Plain Mr. York of York, Yorks

'I'm Plain Mr. York of York, Yorks,
I've got things on my feet like great baulks,
I may land in the Strand
Or in Heligoland,
But in air I fly just like the storks."

"So these are the Alps," said Mr. York to himself, as he descended from a No. 31 bus at Swiss Cottage on his way to the Winter Sports at Hampstead Heath. "It's lucky I brought some Plain York with me, for I'm feeling peckish already after that stiff climb up Maida Vale."

"Alpine climbers tell me," he continued, "that Plain York is the most sustaining food for real physical work, and I guess they're right, for if it's hockey or cycling, or "watching" football, or any other winter sport, some Plain York is the best meal to have in your pocket."

By this time Mr. York had got his ski (pronounce "shee" not sky).



"Now I know," said Mr. York, "why these things are called 'she'—they're as capricious as a woman and they carry you off your feet before you know where you are." So, fortifying himself with a bite or two of Plain York, he glided gracefully over the Matterhorn, which crosses Parliament Hill, and landed on—the Strand!

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and get the latest, most splendid eating chocolate.

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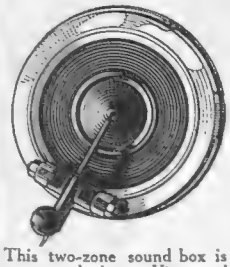
Rowntree's Motoring Chocolate.—*Plain York, or Milk, with Almonds and Raisins; very nourishing.*
Plain York, with Almonds and Raisins (red label), ½ lb., 1/1
Milk, with Almonds and Raisins (blue label), ½ lb., 1/2

The Revelation of the Drawn Curtain

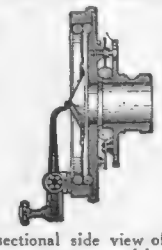
VITAL AND EXCLUSIVE FEATURES IN THE NEW *Viva-tonal* COLUMBIA

No. 3.

Response!



This two-zone sound box is an exclusive *Viva-tonal* Columbia feature, and it reproduces minute detail impossible of reproduction in any other type of sound box.



A sectional side view of the new two-zone sound box of the *Viva-tonal* Columbia. In the section view the black lines show the two zones.

EVEN response throughout its ENTIRE musical scale—that is the feature wherein the new *Viva-tonal* Columbia differs from all other gramophones. Look at your gramophone—its soundbox has a flat diaphragm. Scientific research in the Columbia laboratories proved that this had definite limitations in response to sound-vibrations. The flat diaphragm is abandoned in the *Viva-tonal* Columbia and in its place, for the first time, is used a diaphragm having two responsive zones, the purpose being to give equal response or value to both high and low frequencies. Thus one zone is tuned to a peak resonance of 3,000 vibrations per second, the other to a peak resonance of 110 vibrations per second. By this means it is possible for the first time, to reproduce every note from the deepest pedal notes of the organ to the highest note of the piccolo, at its correct value . . . . . Of no other gramophone can this be said.

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The *Viva-tonal* Columbia

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Model Illustrated is Cabinet Model No. 127 (Mahogany) **£25**

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Special Invitation to Free Demonstration without obligation at your Nearest Dealer, with Art Catalogue of the *Viva-tonal* Columbia, post free on application to Columbia, 102-108, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.1

FASHION'S FANCIES

By MRS. JACK MAY

THAT the sports influence in clothes is likely to be as rampant as ever—anyway, during the early days of Spring—is already clearly apparent, in addition to which there is a brisk demand for suits that are specifically designed for golf and tennis, the latter, of course, mostly wending their way to the Riviera, and Cannes in particular, although on any possible day in little old England one may see enthusiasts knocking up balls and keeping their hand in on hard courts.

Something about Materials and Colours

ALL the advance new woollen materials appear to be softer in texture and lighter in weight than even those of last season. Many are patterned in contrasting colours, but there is little or no sign of the large bold checks, as deplorable in taste as they were trying to wear. This season's checks are all small, and the over-check faint rather than assertive, while pretty nearly always there is provided a self shade to go with them for the ubiquitous jumper or short coat.

Robert Heath, Knightsbridge, reveals the latest expression of the felt hat in a small pull-on felt, with adjustable brim, available in all colours, and one of the wider brim models, the vagabond crown banded with a two-coloured ribbon

Sketches by Marla Tyrrell

Generally speaking, colours are subdued rather than *voyant*, although one often sees a suspicion of strength imparted by a woven in vivid *nuance*, but it is always subordinate to the whole. Materials are going to be the big noise in the dress world, and let there be no mistake about it. That we shall have to pay for them goes without saying; at the same time they will be well worth the expenditure, since it takes very little to make the slim frocks in vogue, even when the latter are rendered interesting by geometrically inset lines or pleats. The new fabrics, whether of pure wool or a mixture of wool and silk, are all of the same *souple* texture, and consequently lend themselves to the most dexterous and delicate handling.

Stripes Across

IT is still being widely and openly discussed whether horizontal stripes are really becoming to other than the extremely slim and slender. Nevertheless, they are being essayed by all and sundry with the courage born of the modern obsession to be in the latest movement or die. Not to possess at least one horizontally striped jumper is to account oneself at once *démodé*. These, for the most part are woven woollen garments, variously treated with groups of fine lines, widely spaced, close waved lines, or regular wide stripes like football jerseys. Truly, there is choice enough, and it is to be observed how nearly always, there is worn a narrow buckled belt. Those in the mind to work out an economical outfit capable of seeing them through the next few weeks will find they can manage some quick-change effects with a coat and skirt of black or navy cloth, a skirt of beige plaided in two or three colours, one of which connotes with the cloth, a plain or striped jumper, and one of the smart, high-necked ivory *crêpe de Chine* shirt-blouses. The suit can be worn intact, or the coat of that with the figured skirt as an alternative, the jumper and white blouse also sharing favour. With two hats, one a pull-on felt and the other one of the new toques, a smart small fur, antelope silk stockings, etc., the owner of such an outfit would pass as well turned out either in London, Paris, or on the Riviera.

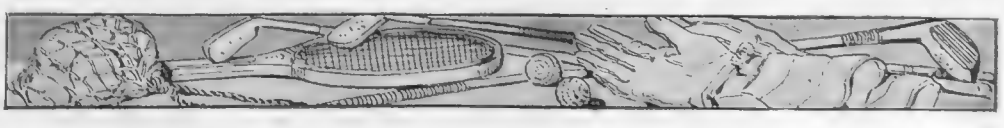
Details to be Watched

IN addition to the above-mentioned sports type of dress there should be watched for further developments the short, finger-tip coat that is definitely left open in front and is guiltless of revers or collar; also the vogue creeping in for introducing belts on long overcoats, usually threaded under pocket flaps or through slits. There are, too, indications that the bolero has still a course to run, together with the *blousée*-bodice. For the rest, the whole matter of dress seems to resolve itself into a matter of clever, intricate cut and fine workmanship.

An ideal and perfected suit for the golfing enthusiast has been designed by Burberry, Haymarket, and effected in one of their inimitable bird plumage tweeds with an expert knowledge of what constitutes ease and comfort

Practical Hats of Persuasive Chic

NOTHING exacts greater care in the buying just now than a felt hat. Like shingled heads, it is ubiquitous; therefore to be accepted and worn by the well-dressed must be of the very best. Of the right shape—a very subtle thing—perfectly fitting and immaculate in every way; and to ensure getting these essentials the wise woman makes a beeline for Robert Heath, Knightsbridge, where at the moment she will find the two newest examples here pictured. Boasting a brim of exceptional flexibility, due to the quality of the felt, and also the build, this, the "Harvey," shown on the topmost head, is available in all the latest fashionable shades, and represents the all-round useful *chapeau* suitable for ordinary or sports wear.



The other fresh recruit, which will be heartily welcomed by older women, since it has width and importance, has what is described as a vagabond crown, one that can be tucked in and pinched according to taste and fancy, trimmed with a two-coloured band of ribbon, and a brim more definitely shaped—the last word in *chic* simplicity.

Bird Plumage Colouring

COMPARISONS are admittedly odious, but one may ask, surely without invidiousness, whether the textile world has ever produced anything more beauful than Burberry's bird plumage tweeds. Literally taken from Nature, these variously recall the game and the ordinary feathered world, and thus are in their right environment in the country and on the golf links; albeit artistic and pleasing enough, for that matter, anywhere. Then, of course, none knows better than these authorities in the Haymarket how to build a sports suit, be it one for golf, tennis, or the Swiss sports. In every case they get the spirit of the sport, and never sacrifice practicability to mere effect. Still in the throes of their great clearance sale, these people yet find time to develop original models. One whereof, a golfing costume, annexed by our artist, is built of their own exclusive bird plumage material, which, in addition to its other virtues, is thoroughly proofed. The skirt, planned with a full wrap-over front, allows for perfect freedom, as does the loose, straight belted coat. For this particular sport a word is due of Burberry's special short *suède* coats. These are designed to meet all kinds of weather, the fronts closing cosily up to the throat or thrown open to form lapels; or a similar type of model can be had in chrome or glazed leather, though not in such artistic shades as in *suède*.

Dorothy Worth

ON THE ICE

Four Canadian readers give "The Bystander" a warm welcome on its arrival overseas. The photograph was taken at St. Timothée, in the remote corner of the Province of Quebec

Doing Summer Credit

Among all the blessings that smiling Summer brings in her train, flowers are perhaps the greatest of all, but like most of the delectable things in this world, a garden of beautiful blooms or a lawn of rare quality is not to be attained without knowledge. Wherefore the wise among us take care not only to plant bulbs and sow seeds with care, but also make sure that they are among the best procurable. A glance at *Garden and Lawn*, 1927, the fine new catalogue issued by Messrs. James Carter and Co., the famous seedsmen of Raynes Park, S.W.20, will suffice to show where such may be obtained in an almost endless variety.

Hotels for the Winter

Holiday makers who intend going to the French winter sports centres will find that the rates at the P.L.M. Hotels at Mont Revard and Combloux are very reasonable. There is a 4 per cent. tax in addition to the rates, and also a sports tax, but this latter includes, at Mont Revard, all payment for rinks, tracks, care of skis, etc. The hotels are very comfortably fitted up and situated in ideal surroundings.

The Valley of the Nile

During the last few years Egypt has been gaining in popularity as an ideal health and pleasure resort, as may be judged from the increasing number of people who go there each year. The beauties of Egypt and the perfection of the arrangements for travelling to its various places of interest are described comprehensively in "The Valley of the Nile," published by the Tourist Development Association of Egypt. The magazine is most beautifully produced and provides an hour's interesting reading.

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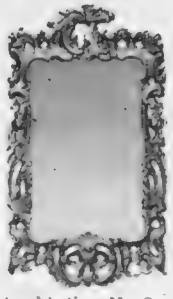
Reduced from £37 10 0 to £31 10 0



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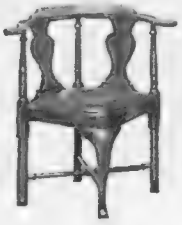

Hamptons' Antique No. O 8236. **A Walnut Dressing Table of the Queen Anne period,** on cabriole legs with club feet, fitted with 4 drawers. 2 ft. 6 in. wide.

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Hamptons' Antique No. O 9359. An exceptionally fine **Walnut Corner Chair** of the Queen Anne period, with cabriole front leg, seat covered leather.

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Hamptons' Antique No. O 9429. **A Mahogany Bureau Bookcase,** the upper part fitted with 3 shelves enclosed by glazed trellis doors. The lower part has a sloping fall enclosing a centre cupboard, 6 drawers and 4 recesses. Beneath this are 4 graduated drawers, all oak lined. (Restored.) 3 ft. 3 in. wide; 1 ft. 10 in. deep; 7 ft. 0 in. high.

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Hamptons' Antique No. O 9258—**A number of Old Mahogany bow front Chests of Drawers,** all with Oak lined drawers.

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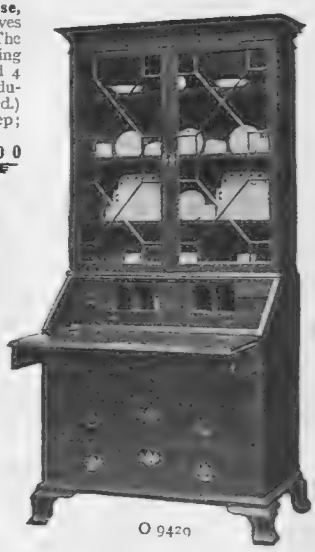

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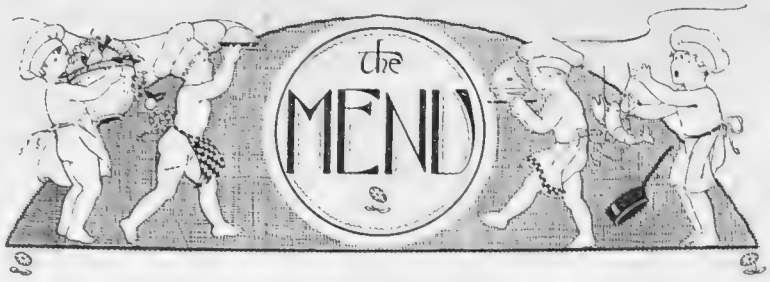

SAVOURIES

PRAWNS WITH CAVIARE.
OYSTER TOAST.
DEVILLED LOBSTER.
TRUFFLES À L'ITALIENNE.
CHEESE FRITTERS.

Prawns with Caviare

FRY in butter to a light golden brown eight rounds of stale bread, about two inches in diameter. Put into a basin 2 oz. of caviare, with half a shallot finely chopped, a few drops of lemon-juice, and a pinch of cayenne. Stir all thoroughly together, drain the toast and, when it is cool, place a thin slice of lemon and a teaspoonful of caviare on each *croûte*. Place a shelled prawn on each side of every *croûte* and half a stoned olive in the centre. Serve in a glass dish, and garnish with parsley.

Oyster Toast

Mince very finely one anchovy, have ready a score of oysters, remove the beards, and chop them small. Mix the anchovy and oysters together. Put them into a saucepan with two tablespoonfuls of cream, add a little cayenne and, when heated through, spread on small rounds of buttered toast and serve.

Devilled Lobster

Take the meat from a lobster, and sprinkle with a little cayenne pepper; chop it small, then add a dessertspoonful of chutney, a little melted butter, and one tomato cut up small. These must be stewed over the fire, stirring till boiling; add a little made mustard. Have ready some *croûtons* of fried bread, put some of the devilled lobster on each, and sprinkle over it a little chopped parsley.

Truffles à l'Italienne

Pare some truffles as thin as possible; slice them about the size of a penny, put them into a *sauté*-pan with a large piece of butter, some minced parsley and shallot, salt and pepper; stir them well in the pan, and cook them gently for about ten minutes; drain off part of the butter, and pour into the pan a small cupful of Espagnole sauce, the juice of a lemon, and a little cayenne pepper. If this dish is required for a savoury, the truffles should be put on to neat squares of buttered toast.

Espagnole Sauce.—Fry together 1½ oz. of butter, the same of flour, a sliced onion, a sliced tomato, and a small slice of lean ham, then add gradually half a pint of good brown stock; boil it all together for about fifteen minutes, pass it through a sieve, add a wineglassful of sherry, and boil up.

Cheese Fritters

Beat the whites of two eggs to a stiff froth, add 2 oz. of grated cheese and a little salt and pepper, beating all this together till it foams; have ready some boiling fat, drop a large spoonful in at a time, and fry for about a minute. Pile on a hot dish and serve.

EMILIA.

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INTERESTING RIVIERA NEWS.
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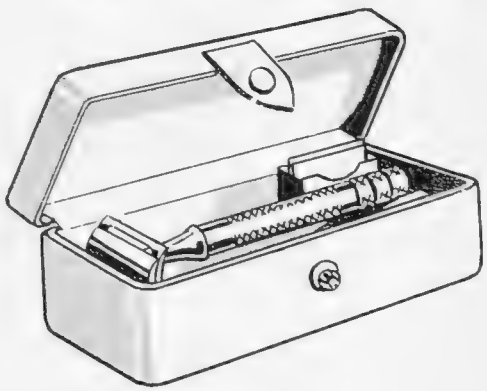

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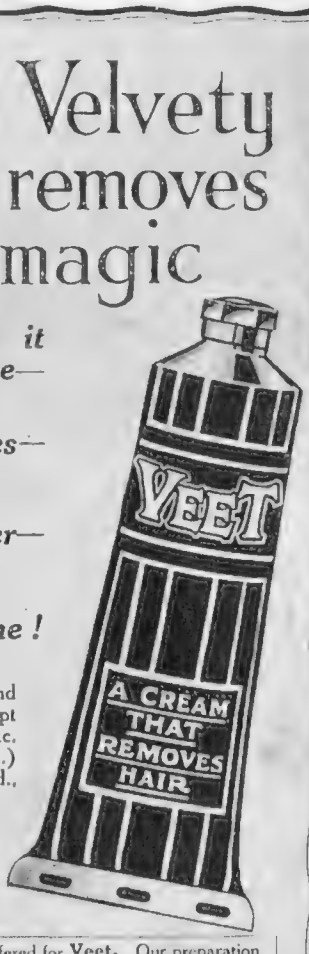

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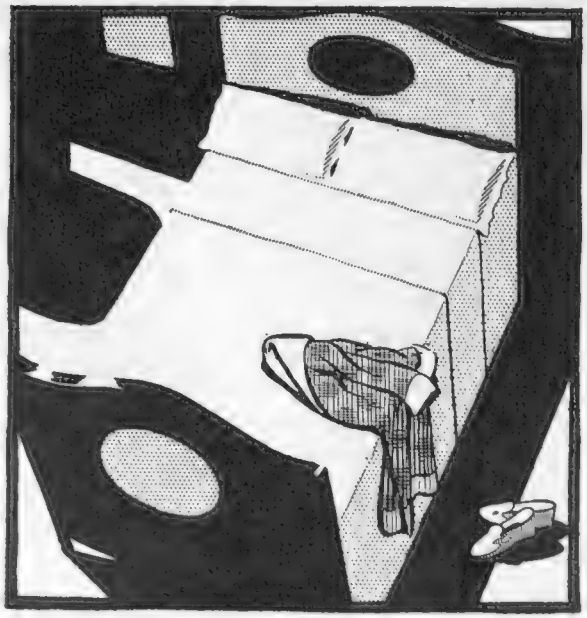

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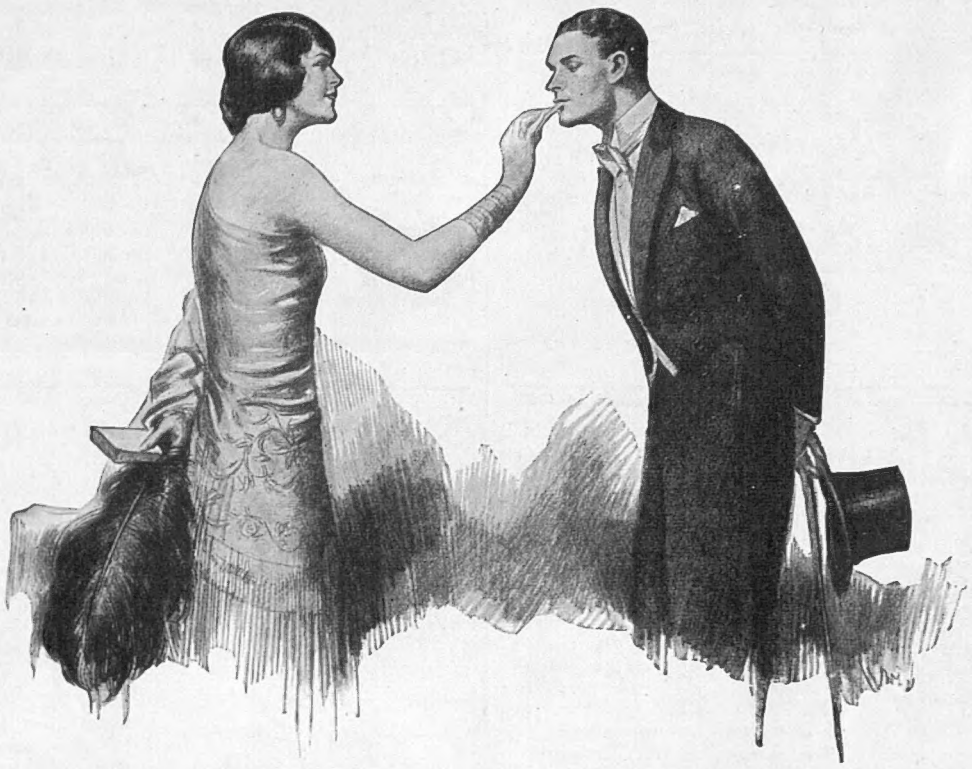

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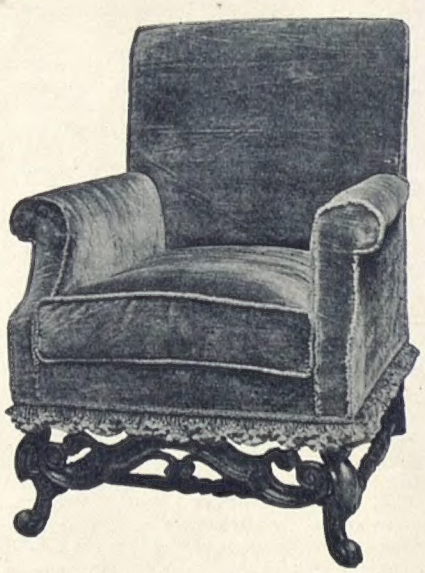

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